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A JOURNAL OF
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No. 4696 [REGISTERED AS
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FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1920.

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April 13, 1920.

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"Should he upbraid."

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From a stage in Stower Town
Did she sing, and singing smile
As she blent that dexterous voice
With the ditty of her choice,
And banished our annoyances
Thereawhile.

Such song, such lure, were power
To fledge the heaviest hour
Of him who housed with her:
Who did I never knew
When her spoused estate on-drew,
And her warble flung its woo
In his ear.

Ah, she's an ancient now,
Time-trenched on cheek and brow,
Whom I once heard as a maid
From Keinton Mandeville
Of matchless mien and skill
Sing, with smile and swell and trill,
"Should he upbraid!"

THOMAS HARDY.



AN OLD LLOYD'S REGISTER

WITH the sensation that I had survived into a strange and a hostile era that had nothing to do with me, for its affairs were not mine, I was inside a submarine, during the war, talking to her commander. He was unravelling for me the shining complexity of his "box of tricks," as he called his ship. He was sardonic (there was no doubt he was master of the brute he so lightly vilified) and he was blithe, and he illustrated his scientific monologue with stories of his own experiences in the Bight. These to me were like the bedevillments of those dreams from which we groan to awake, but cannot. The curious doings of this new age, I thought as I listened to him, would have just the same interest for me as the relics of an extinct race of men, except for the urgent remembrance that one of the monstrous accidents this child knows of might happen now. That made an acute difference. This was not nightmare, nor ridiculous romance, but actuality. And as I looked at this mocking youngster, I saw he was like the men of that group on the "Queen Mary" who were similarly mocking, for my benefit, but a few weeks before, their expert share in forwarding the work we had given them in this new age; and then where were they? Ships I knew, but not such ships as these, nor such work.

Another officer joined us, an elder man, and said this to him was strange navigation. He was a merchant seaman. He had served his time in sailing ships. I asked him to name some of them, having the feeling that I could get back to the time I knew if I could but hail the ghost, with another survivor from the past, of one of those forgotten ships. "Well," he replied, "there was the 'Cutty Sark.'"

If he had said the "Golden Hind" I should not have been more astonished. In a sense, it was the same thing. The "Cutty Sark" was in the direct line with the Elizabethan ships, but at the end. That era, though it closed so recently, was already as far as a vague memory. The new sea engines had come, and here we were with them, puzzled and embarrassed, having lost our reasonable friends. I told him I had known the "Cutty Sark," and had seen that master of hers—a character who went about Poplar in a Glengarry cap—who gave one of her masts (the *mizzen*, I think) a golden rooster, after he had driven her from Sydney Heads to the Channel to break the record—Captain Woodget. His men said it was like living in a glass house. The effect of that casual recollection on the submarine officer was distinctly unwarlike. This memory, and not his present work, might have been the real thing. He knew Woodget. He wanted to know more; ever so much more. He mentioned other ships and masters, to induce me. I got the idea that he would let his mind, at least, escape into that time, if only I would help him to let it go. But there was that potent and silent enigma about us. . . .

No such escape for him. We have fashioned other ships, and must use them. What we have conjured up compels us to live with it. But when you do not go to sea you may have what ships you like. There is some, but not much interest in the reappearance in

the newspapers of the sailing lists; a few of the old names appear again, though new ships bear them. But late at night, when a westerly wind with rain turns for me a neighbouring yew tree into an invisible surge, then it is the fortune of one who remembers such as the "Cutty Sark" to choose different ships and other times. Why not choose them? They were comely ships, and now their time seems fair. Who would care to remember the power and grey threat of a modern warship, or the exotic luxury of a liner of this new era? Nobody who remembers the graciousness of the clippers, nor the pride and content of the seamen who worked them. To aid the illusion of the yew, I have one of those books which are not books, a Lloyd's Register of Shipping for 1880, that by some unknown circuitous route found its way from its first owner in Madras to my suburb. It goes very well with the yew, when westerly weather comes to unite them.

I should like to know how that book got to London. Somewhere in it is the name of the ship which carried it. Anyhow, I think I can make out in it the house-flag of that ship. It was, I believe, one of J. H. Allan's teak-built craft, a forgotten line—the "Rajah of Cochin," the "Copenhagen," the "Lincelles"—though only just before the war, in the South-West India Dock, I met a stranger, a seaman looking for work, who regretted its disappearance, and the new company-owned steamers; for he said they were good ships, "but more than that," he told me, "Allan was a fine old gentleman who knew his own ships and knew his men." This stranger said you forget a ship now as soon as you are paid off, "and glad to"; and "you don't ever know who owns her, even if there's a strike. Parsons and old maids and Cardiff sharks, I reckon."

Very likely. But what sharks once were in it have all disappeared from my Register. It belongs to those days when, if you went to New Zealand, you had to go by sailer; when the East India Dock had an arcade of jibbooms and bowsprits, with sometimes a varnished shark's tail terminal—the "Euterpe," "Jessie Readman," "Wanganui," "Waimea," "Waimate," "Opawa," "Margaret Galbraith," "Helen Denny," "Lutterworth," and "Hermione." There were others. What is in these names? But how can we tell? There were personal figure-heads, there were shapely forms, each with its own narrative of adventure, there was the undiscovered sea, and there was youth; and these have gone.

It is all very well to say that the names and mere words in this old Register have no more meaning to-day than a railway time-table of the same date. There are, hardly to be distinguished in some corners of St. Paul's Cathedral from which night never quite goes, certain forlorn regimental colours. Few of us know now who bore them, and where, and why; but imagine the deserved fate of one who would allow a brutal word to disturb their dust. They mean nothing, except that men, in a world where it is easy to lose faith, treasure the few tokens of fidelity, selflessness, courage and enterprise proved in their fellows; and so those old staffs, to which cling faded and dusty rags, in a real sense support the cathedral.

Poplar once was a parish whose name was more familiar in Eastern seas and on the coasts of the Americas, and stood for something greater and more august, than the names of some veritable capital cities. That vista down the East India Dock Road from North Street, past the plane trees which support the cupola of Green's Chapel on a cloud, to the gateway of the dock which was built for John Company, was what many would remember as essential London who would pass the Mansion House as though it were a dingy and nameless tavern. At the back of that road to-day, and opposite a church which was a chapel of ease to save the crews of the East Indiamen lying off Blackwall the long walk to Stebonhithe Church, is the public library; and within that building are stored, as are the regimental colours in the cathedral, the houseflags of those very ships my Register helps me to remember—the tokens of fidelity and courage, of a service that was native, and a skill in that service which was traditional to the parish; tokens that now are dusty and in their night, understood only by the few who also belong to the past.

There is the houseflag of the "Cutty Sark" and her sister ships, the "Dharwar," "Blackadder," "Coldstream"—but one must be careful, and refuse to allow these names to carry one away. There are so many of them. They are all good. Each can conjure up a picture and a memory. They are like the names one reads in spring in a seed-merchant's catalogue; they call to be written down, to be sung aloud, to be shared with a friend. But I know the quick jealousy of some old sailor, his pride wounded here by an unjustifiable omission of the ship that was the one above all others for him, is bound to be moved by anything less than a complete reprint here of the Register. How, for example, could I give every name in the fleet of the White Star of Aberdeen? Yet was not each ship, with her green hull and white spars, as moving as a lyric? Is there in London River to-day a ship as beautiful as the old "Thermopylæ"? There is not. It is impossible. There was the "Samuel Plimsoll" of that line—now a coal hulk at Gibraltar—which must be named, for she was Captain Simpson's ship (he was commodore afterwards), the "merry blue-eyed skipper" of Froude's "Oceana," but much more than that, a sage and masterful Scot whose talk was worth a long journey to hear.

The houseflag of Messrs. R. & H. Green, in any reference to the ships of Blackwall, should have been mentioned first. There is a sense in which it is right to say that the founder of that firm, at a time when American craft like the Boston clippers of Donald McKay were in a fair way to leave the Red Ensign far astern, declared that Blackwall had to beat those American flyers, and did it. But that was long before the '80's, and when steam was still ridiculed by those who could not see it equalling clippers that had logged fourteen knots, or made a day's run of over 300 miles. Yet some of Green's ships came down to the end of the era, like the "Highflyer" and the "Melbourne." The latter was renamed the "Macquarie," and was one of the last of the clippers to come home to Poplar, and for that reason, and because of her noble proportions, her picture is kept,

as a reminder, by many who wish to think of ships and the sea as they were. It is likely that most who live in Poplar now, and see next to its railway station the curious statue of a man and a dog, wonder who on earth Richard Green, Esq., used to be; though there are a few oldsters left still who remember Blackwall when its shipwrights, riggers, sailmakers and caulkers were men of renown and substance, and who can recall, not only Richard Green, but that dog of his, for it knew the road to the dock probably better than most of those who use it to-day. Poplar was the nursery of the Clyde. The flags which Poplar knew well would puzzle London now—Devitt & Moore's, Money Wigram's, Duthie's, Willis's, Carmichael's, Duncan Dunbar's, Scrutton's, and Elder's. But when lately our merchant seamen surprised us with a mastery of their craft and a fortitude which most of us had forgotten were ever ours, what those flags represented, a regard for a tradition as ancient and as rigorous as that of any royal port, was beneath it all.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

THE BIRTH OF GOD

Night is a void about me; I lie alone;
And water drips, like an idiot clicking his tongue,
Senselessly, ceaselessly, endlessly drips
Into the waiting silence, grown
Emptier for this small inhuman sound.
My love is gone, my love who is tender and young.
O smooth warm body, O passionate lips!
I have stretched forth hands in the dark and nothing found:
The silence is huge as the sky—I lie alone—
My narrow room, a darkness that knows no bound.

How shall I fill this measureless
Deep void that the taking away
Of a child's slim beauty has made?
Slender she is and small, but the loneliness
She has left is a night no stars allay,
And I am cold and afraid.

Long, long ago, cut off from the wolfish pack,
From the warm immediate touch of friends and mate,
Lost and alone, alone in the utter black
Of a forest night, some far-off beast-like man,
Cowed by the cold indifferent hate
Of the Northern silence, crouched in fear,
When through his bleared and suffering mind
A sudden tremor of comfort ran,
And the void was filled by a rushing wind
And he breathed a sense of something friendly and near
And in privation the life of God began.

Love, from your loss shall a god be born to fill
The emptiness, where once you were,
With friendly knowledge and more than a lover's will
To ease despair?
Shall I feed longing with what it hungers after,
Seeing in earth and sea and air
A lover's smiles, hearing a lover's laughter,
Feeling love everywhere?

The night drags on; darkness and silence grow,
And with them my desire has grown,
My bitter need. Alas! I know,
I know that here I lie alone.

ALDOUS HUXLEY.

REVIEWS

SHAKESPEARE CRITICISM

A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.—THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr., Litt.D. (Lippincott. 25s. net.)

IT is an exciting, though exhausting, experience to read a volume of the great modern Variorum Shakespeare from cover to cover. One derives from the exercise a sense of the evolution of Shakespeare criticism which cannot be otherwise obtained; one begins to understand that Pope had his merits as an editor, as indeed a man of genius could hardly fail to have, to appreciate the prosy and pedestrian pains of Theobald, to admire the amazing erudition of Steevens. One sees the phases of the curious process by which Shakespeare was elevated at the beginning of the nineteenth century to a sphere wherein no mortal man of genius could breathe. For a dizzy moment every line that he wrote bore the authentic impress of the divine. *Efflavit deus*. In a century, from being largely beneath criticism Shakespeare had passed to a condition where he was almost completely beyond it.

"King John" affords a good instance of the reverential attitude. The play, as is generally known, was based upon a slightly earlier and utterly un-Shakespearian production entitled "The Troublesome Raigne of King John." The only character Shakespeare added to those he found ready to his hand was that of James Gurney, who enters with Lady Falconbridge after the scene between the Bastard and his brother, says four words, and departs for ever.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip! Sparrow! James.

It is obvious that Shakespeare's sole motive in introducing Gurney is to provide an occasion for the Bastard's characteristic, though not to a modern mind quite obvious, jest, based on the fact that Philip was at the time a common name for a sparrow. The Bastard, just dubbed Sir Richard Plantagenet by the King, makes a thoroughly natural jibe at his former name, Philip, to which he had just shown such breezy indifference. The jest could not have been made to Lady Falconbridge without a direct insult to her, which would have been alien to the natural, blunt, and easygoing fondness of the relation which Shakespeare establishes between the Bastard and his mother. So Gurney is quite casually brought in to receive it. But this is not enough for the Shakespeare-drunken Coleridge.

For an instance of Shakespeare's power in *minimis*, I generally quote James Gurney's character in "King John." How individual and comical he is with the four words allowed to his dramatic life!

Assuredly it is not with any intention of diminishing Coleridge's title as a Shakespearian critic that we bring forward this instance. He is the only great critic of Shakespeare; and the quality of his excellence is displayed in one of the other few notes he left on this particular play. In Act III. scene ii. Warburton's emendation of "airy" to "fiery" had in Coleridge's day been received into the text of the Bastard's lines:

Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky.

On which Coleridge writes:

I prefer the old text; the word "devil" implies "fiery." You need only to read the line, laying a full and strong emphasis on "devil," to perceive the uselessness and tastelessness of Warburton's alteration.

The test is absolutely convincing—a poet's criticism of poetry. But that Coleridge went astray not once but many times, under the influence of his idolatry of Shakespeare, corroborates the general conclusion that is forced upon any-

one who will take the trouble to read a whole volume of the modern "Variorum." There has been much editing, much comment—an intolerable deal of both—but singularly little criticism of Shakespeare. The pendulum has swung violently from niggling and insensitive textual quibble to that equally distressing exercise of human ingenuity, idealistic encomium, of which there is a typical example in the opening sentence of Mr. Masfield's remarks upon the play: "Like the best Shakespearian tragedies, 'King John' is an intellectual form in which a number of people with obsessions illustrate the idea of treachery." We remember that Mr. Masfield has much better than this to say of Shakespeare in his little book; but we fasten upon this sentence because it is set before us in the "Variorum," and because it too "is an intellectual form in which a literary man with obsessions illustrates his idea of criticism." Genetically, it is a continuation of the bad element in Coleridge's Shakespeare criticism, a continual bias towards transcendental interpretation of the obvious. To take the origin a phase further back, it is the portentous offspring of the feeble element in German philosophy (a refusal to see the object) after it had been submitted to an idle process of ferment in the flabby part of Coleridge's brain.

"King John" is not in the least what Mr. Masfield, under this dangerous influence, has persuaded himself it is. It is simply the effort of a young man of great genius to rewrite a bad play into a good one. The effort was, on the whole, amazingly successful; that the play is only a good one, instead of a very good one, is not surprising. The miracle is that anything should have been made of "The Troublesome Raigne" at all. The "Variorum" extracts show that, of the many commentators who studied the old play with Shakespeare's version, only Swinburne saw, or had the courage to say, how utterly null the old play really is. To have made Shakespeare's Falconbridge out of the old lay figure, to have created the scenes between Hubert and John, and Hubert and Arthur, out of that decrepit skeleton—that is the work of a commanding poetical genius on the threshold of full mastery of its powers, worthy of all wonder, no doubt, but doubly worthy of close examination.

But "ideas of treachery"! Into what cloud cuckoo land have we been beguiled by Coleridge's laudandum trances? A limbo—of this we are confident—where Shakespeare never set foot at any moment in his life, and where no robust critical intelligence can endure for a moment. We must save ourselves from this insidious disintegration by keeping our eye upon the object, and the object is just a good (not a very good) play. Not an Ibsen, a Hauptmann, a Shaw, or a Masfield play, where the ravages of these "ideas" are certainly perceptible, but merely a Shakespeare play, one of those works of true poetic genius which can only be produced by a mind strong enough to resist every attempt at invasion by the "idea"-bacillus.

In considering a Shakespeare play the word "idea" had best be kept out of the argument altogether; but there are two senses in which it might be intelligibly used. You might call the dramatic skeleton Shakespeare's idea of the play. It is the half-mechanical, half-organic factor in the work of poetic creation—the necessary means by which a poet can conveniently explicate and express his manifold æsthetic intuitions. This dramatic skeleton is governed by laws of its own, which were first and most brilliantly formulated by Aristotle in terms that, in essentials, hold good for all time. You may investigate this skeleton, seize, if you can, upon the peculiarity by which it is differentiated from all other skeletons; you may say, for instance, that "Othello" is a tragedy of jealousy or "Hamlet" of the inhibition of self-consciousness.

But if your "idea" is to have any substance it must be moulded very closely upon the particular object with which you are dealing; and in the end you will find yourself reduced to the analysis of individual characters.

On the other hand, the word "idea" might be intelligibly used of Shakespeare's whole attitude to the material of his contemplation, the centre of comprehension from which he worked, the aspect under which he viewed the universe of his interest. There is no reason to rest content with Coleridge's application of the epithet "myriad-minded," which is, at the best, an evasion of a vital question. The problem is to see Shakespeare's mind *sub specie unitatis*. It can be done; there never has been and never will be a human mind which can resist such an inquiry if it is pursued with sufficient perseverance and understanding. What chiefly stands in the way is that tradition of Shakespeareolatry which Coleridge so powerfully inaugurated, not least by the epithet "myriad-minded." This method of approach is indicated in a critical comparison of Dante and Shakespeare which recently appeared in these pages.

But of "ideas" in any other senses than these—and in neither of these cases is "idea" the best word for the object of search—let us beware as we would of the plague, in criticism of Shakespeare or any other great poet. Poets do not have "ideas"; they have perceptions. They do not have an "idea"; they have comprehension. Their creation is æsthetic, and the working of their mind proceeds from the realization of one æsthetic perception to that of another, more comprehensive if they are to be great poets having within them the principle of poetic growth. There is undoubtedly an organic process in the evolution of a great poet, which you may, for convenience of expression, call logical; but if you forget that the use of the word "logic," in this context, is metaphorical, you are doomed. You can follow out this "logical process" in a poet only by a kindred creative process of æsthetic perception passing into æsthetic comprehension. The hunt for "ideas" will only make that process impossible; it prevents the object from ever making its own impression upon the mind. It has to speak with the language of logic, whereas its use and function in the world is to speak with a language not of logic, but of a process of mind which is at least as sovereign in its own right as the discursive reason.

Away then with "logic" and away with "ideas" in the art of literary criticism; but not, in a foolish and impercipient reaction, to revive the impressionistic criticism which has sapped the English brain for a generation past. The art of criticism is rigorous; impressions are merely its raw material; the life-blood of its activity is in the process of æsthetic ordonnance of impressions.

It is time, however, to return for a moment to Shakespeare, and to observe in one crucial instance the effect of the quest for logic in a single line. In the fine scene where John hints to Hubert at Arthur's murder, he speaks these lines (in the First Folio text):

I had a thing to say, but let it goe:
The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasure of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To giue me audience: If the midnight bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowsie race of night,
If this same were a Churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
. . . . Then, in despite of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts. . . .

If one had to choose the finest line in this passage, the choice would fall upon

Sound on into the drowsy race of night.

Yet you will have to look hard for it in the modern editions of Shakespeare. At the best you will find it with the mark of corruption:

†Sound on into the drowsy race of night ("Globe");
and you run quite a risk of finding

Sound one into the drowsy race of night ("Oxford").

There are six pages of close-printed comment upon the line in the "Variorum." The only reason, we can see, why it should be the most commented line in "King John" is that it is one of the most beautiful. No one could stand it. Of all the commentators, only one, Miss Porter, whom we name *honoris causâ*, stands by the line with any conviction of its beauty. Every other person either alters it or regrets his inability to alter it.

"How can a bell sound on into a race?" pipe the little editors. What is "the race of night"? What *can* it mean? How *could* a race be drowsy? What an *awful* contradiction in terms! And so, while you and I, and all the other ordinary Shakespeare lovers, are peacefully sleeping in our beds, they come along with their little chisels, and chop out the horribly illogical word and pop in a horribly logical one, and we (unless we can afford the "Variorum," which we can't) know nothing whatever about it. We have no redress. If we get out of our beds and creep upon them while they are asleep—they never are—and take out our little chisels and chop off their horribly stupid little heads, we shall be put in prison and Mr. Justice Darling will make a horribly stupid little joke about us. There is only one thing to do. We must make up our minds that we have to combine in our single person the scholar and the amateur; we cannot trust these gentlemen.

And, indeed, they have been up to their little games elsewhere in "King John." They do not like the reply of the citizens of Angiers to the summons of the rival kings:

A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till it be undoubted, we do locke
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
Kings of our feare, untill our feares resolu'd
Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Admirable sense, excellent poetry. But no! We must not have it. Instead we are given "King'd of our fears" ("Globe") or "Kings of ourselves" ("Oxford"). Bad sense, bad poetry.

They do not like Pandulph's speech to France:

France, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion by the mortall paw,
A fasting tiger sater by the tooth
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

"Cased," caged, is too much for them. We must have "chafed," in spite of

If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent.

Again, the Folio text of the meeting between the Bastard and Hubert in Act V., when Hubert fails to recognize the Bastard's voice, runs thus:

Unkinde remembrance: thou and endles night,
Have done me shame: Brave Soldier, pardon me
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

This time "endless" is not poetical enough for the editors. Theobald's emendation "eyeless" is received into the text. One has only to read the brief scene through to realize that Hubert is wearied and obsessed by the night that will never end. He is overwrought by his knowledge of

news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible,

and by his long wandering in search of the Bastard:

Why, here I walk in the black brow of night
To find you out.

Yet the dramatically perfect "endless" has had to make way for the dramatically stupid "eyeless." Is it surprising that we do not trust these gentlemen?

J. M. M.

MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG

OUT OF MY LIFE. By Marshal von Hindenburg. (Cassell. 31s. 6d. net.)

WE think it was Mr. H. G. Wells who remarked that some people seem to be "in character" all their lives. The same thing has been more scientifically expressed in Mr. Trotter's study of what he calls the "stable type"—people comparatively immune from mental conflicts, who early and easily make assumptions, moral, political and what-not, which are henceforth firm and unalterable. This quality of stability seems to be absolutely essential to success in practical pursuits; we expect it in a railway magnate, in a statesman, in a judge and in a soldier. We know that what is common to all these men is a vigour of conviction, a blindness to alternatives, a simplicity of emotional reaction, which artists and other unstable types can seldom compass. There is something impressive about unhesitating belief and action; even when we realize that it testifies not only to energy, but, in many cases, to something very like stupidity, it is easier to despise at a distance than at close quarters. It is true, nevertheless, that the stable type has its limitations—that its limitations, indeed, are essential to its achievements. Human beings, like horses, go straightest when in blinkers. In war-time these limitations become particularly important and desirable. It becomes necessary to one's mental comfort to acquire unshakable beliefs, of what kind is largely indifferent, and numbers of people suffer spiritual agonies in trying to convince themselves that they cannot see round the corner. The man who is genuinely blind to side turnings then becomes an object of envy to the philosopher, and of admiration to a group; if his blindness is of the kind that the majority possesses he may become a national hero.

In this account of Hindenburg's life we are given an opportunity of studying the characteristics of this type in some detail. The first thing that strikes us is the extraordinary lack of plasticity in the man; combined with this is a doubt whether, as a child, Hindenburg was not quite as extraordinarily plastic. In describing his early education he states that his parents endeavoured

to give us the best thing that parents can ever give—a confident belief in our Lord God and a boundless love for our Fatherland and—what they regarded as the prop and pillar of that Fatherland—our Prussian Royal House.

It seems that such beliefs can be inculcated—certainly Hindenburg has held them unshakably throughout his life. But we wonder, in passing, whether other beliefs could have been as deeply planted. Could Hindenburg have been brought up an equally convinced Bolshevik? It sounds fantastic, but can we assume that some men are predestined to be fanatically loyal to the Prussian Royal House? We must rather suppose that, as a child, Hindenburg was remarkably plastic. And yet, after a short time, he is granite. Like some kind of jelly, his mental substance "set" early and hard. Henceforth he is deaf to the teachings of experience; he walks assuredly in a clear, simple world; all objects have clear-cut outlines and are either black or white. All shapes which are not elementary and all shades that are intermediate are totally invisible. He is, in fact, a "strong" man. Perhaps the most perplexing of these "confident beliefs," derived from his parents, is the confident belief in "our Lord God." Hindenburg was a soldier, acquainted with battles. He also possessed a generous share of German sentimentality. Yet his confident belief never wavered. Did he ever see, we wonder, that any problem was involved? Have we, here, a key to the mysterious stability of these men? Is it possible for the human mind to develop strata, as it were, which are completely unrelated to one another, so that the region of confident belief, for example, never

makes contact with "sensation," "perception," and the other elements of the philosopher? It is not enough to say that such beliefs are merely perfunctory. Hindenburg's beliefs were attended with great emotional energy. When his Emperor said something like "Good-morning" to him as a young man, or even only looked at him, he was in ecstasy. His later close acquaintance with the next Emperor does not affect this feeling. It seems to be completely independent of all human attributes in its object, and yet to be excited by the presence of the object. Perhaps, in his dark researches, Sir James Frazer has met with analogous emotional states; doubtless something is "imputed" to the object, whether it be an Emperor or a tree. Unfortunately Hindenburg finds nothing mysterious in his conception of loyalty and gives us no explanation.

When we say that Hindenburg was a loyalist, a patriot, a conventional moralist, and that to the service of these convictions he brought a formidable physical and emotional energy, we really have, with some completeness, produced a formula which describes him. Simple deductions may be made, e.g., that he was very fond of hunting, and gives no sign of being interested in the arts. He dislikes politics chiefly because, so far as we can make out, politics has to take other people's feelings into account. As he says, "A powerful, self-contained State in Bismarck's sense was the world in which I preferred my thoughts to move." It would be truer to say it was the world in which he could not prevent his thoughts moving. As we have said, alternatives do not exist for him. In describing the German Revolution he says: "The Revolution was winning. Let us not waste time on discussing the reasons." He could not discuss the reasons; he would have found the reasons, in all strictness, unassimilable. In the same way the German collapse can teach him nothing. It would still teach him nothing had it been a hundred times as great. In that world in which his thoughts move there can come no rift, no outside light can penetrate its concrete.

I have an unshakable conviction that, as in those days, our historical continuity with our great and glorious past will be preserved or restored where it has been broken.

It is indeed an unshakable conviction; it is independent of evidence or even of his own volition.

I have often been asked the question on what I based my hopes of our ultimate victory even in the darkest hours of the war. I could only point to my faith in the justice of our Cause and my confidence in our Fatherland and the Army.

In other words, those early acquired confident beliefs in God and Germany. And the third confident belief is just as unshakable as the others. He is speaking of the future: "Then from the tempestuous seas of our national life will once more emerge that rock—the German Imperial House. . . ." And so his world, his only possible world, is once more re-established.

What else Hindenburg has, besides this amazing force of character, it is difficult to discover. In all his military achievements he is inextricably associated with Ludendorff. Hindenburg obviously stands in awe of Ludendorff; his attitude is not that of an equal. But, whichever was the abler man, it was a sound instinct that selected Hindenburg as the national hero. Ludendorff was too realistic to play that rôle. He was not strong enough to ignore facts with the superb unconsciousness of a Hindenburg. The German people felt that in all circumstances, of triumph or disaster, Hindenburg, "unshakably convinced," would remain imperturbably the same. And they were justified. When his army and his country collapsed, when the men who had adored him rejected everything he stood for, when his God declared himself against Germany and his countrymen seemed to him a nation of traitors, when, finally, his Emperor abdicated and fled, Hindenburg, unshakably convinced, remained at his post.

J. W. N. S.

A NOBLE ROMAN

FATHER MATURIN. By Maisie Ward. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

"M—'s secession," we read in the "Letters" of Canon Bright, "is of much less importance than would have attached to an Englishman with a more balanced mind. . . . he is an emotional, or, at least, a highly sensitive and excitable Celt." More delicately Father Herbert Vaughan, who was a colleague of Maturin's in his Roman Catholic days, writes in the present biography: "There was, perhaps, a certain lack of discipline in his character." No doubt Father Vaughan knew the story recounted by Miss Maisie Ward of how Maturin, on being asked by a Cardinal Archbishop what he considered the greatest obstacle to the spread of Catholicism in England, replied, "Your Eminence, I should say it was yourself." If he was liable to say such things in the green shade of his Roman Promised Land, we can guess the kind of things he must have said beneath the dry sticks of Anglican prelacy. No wonder the Canons went off at the very name of him!

Basil Maturin was the son of Dr. Maturin of Grangegorman, who occupied, Miss Ward recalls, "the rare, at that date almost unique position of a Tractarian clergyman in Ireland." According to George Tyrrell's autobiography, the "terrible old Doctor" occupied a position even more Athanasian than that. Not only, it seems, did he ban Popery and Dissent with the utmost rigour of his school; he also held that "at the first synod of the disestablished Irish Church, when the Prayer Book was expurgated and the Lectionary altered, the whole of that Church had gone into schism, and that he alone was left, a solitary Jeremiah, to weep over the fallen city." It was not unnatural in these circumstances that his son should seek a Zoar for the parental creed in England, and in 1873 he entered the Cowley community at Oxford.

The "Society of St. John the Evangelist," to give this brotherhood its official title, had been founded seven years before by the Rev. Richard Meux Benson, in whom a tenacity of purpose as great as Dr. Maturin's own was united to a cool common-sense and a streak of grim humour. At a moment when the "revival of monasticism" suggested to palpitating ladies an entrancing vision of sandals, cowls and Gothic traceries, he hired two adjoining villas of a peculiarly Victorian dullness in Oxford's most modern outgrowth, and invited his handful of associates to revive the austerities of the Egyptian desert saints without the *décor*. The astonishing experiment succeeded, and restored to the Church of England the romance it had lacked since the days of Laud. A quarter of a century later, when the stern old mystic's eyes were dim, and his steps in need of support, these lodgings had become the "Mother House" of an order whose missionaries were travelling in four continents, and the tin chapel had given place to a great monastic church which in the severe grandeur of its architecture, the perfection of its psalmody, and the restrained splendour of its worship translates into outward shape the Founder's mind.

With that mind the susceptible, passionate nature of Basil Maturin can never have been in true harmony. "My dearest Papa," he writes home in the flush of his postulancy, "I hardly know how to tell you what I am going to write about, or rather to write so as to show you how serious and in earnest I am." In this excited strain the letter bubbles on to the end. It is engagingly sincere, but— We look again at Benson's portrait, and know that the breach is bound to come. Maturin, whether he desires it or not, will work his way from the eternal restraint, the inflexible balance of Cowley into a warmer, more intimate home for his soul. Look beneath the surface of the long vacillation that did not end till 1897, and it appears one protracted struggle between the man who in

his silence, his reserve, his dogged toiling in a Church that drives, like a ship dismasted, before the gale, embodies the noblest type of Anglican piety, and the man who with his oratorical gifts, his craving for sympathy, his love of frank assurances in religion, already displays the winning charm of Rome.

It was not because he ever regretted his choice, but because of the human failings that beset officialdom (such failings as led to the epigram quoted above), that Father Maturin's Roman Catholic life had a tinge of sadness. He did not, we gather, quite find his niche, though the blaze of his eloquence proved as seductive in his new Church as in his old. Condemned by his own life-history to be the oracle of intending converts, he would never let them do what he thought right so long as there was a chance that their motives were wrong, and he never spoke or wrote a word that could wound the members of the Church he had renounced. His end was sudden, among the victims of the Lusitania. "Survivors from the ship related," his biographer tells us, "that they saw him standing on the deck very pale, but perfectly calm, giving absolution to several passengers." "Very pale, but perfectly calm"—a surface weakness and an underlying steadfastness. The death was just an epitome of the life.

D. L. M.

THE VISION OF LORD KITCHENER

LIFE OF LORD KITCHENER. By Sir George Arthur. 3 vols. (Macmillan. 52s. 6d. net.)

SIR GEORGE ARTHUR thinks that it is possible that at the last moment, when the "Hampshire" went down, Lord Kitchener, whose eyes in life had "always strained to pierce the future," was permitted "in God's good mercy" to see "in the storm and in the darkness, and in the death agony, the Vision of the Eternal." We admit the possibility and also Sir George Arthur's right to his opinion upon so important a question. The conjecture occurs upon the one thousand and twenty-seventh page of his book; the previous 1,026 pages deal with all the other moments of Kitchener's 66 years of life, but no evidence is given that at any moment of those 66 years a Vision of the Eternal was vouchsafed to Kitchener in God's good mercy. That is where we quarrel with Sir George Arthur and his biography. Biographically, the vision which comes to a great man in his death agony seems to us of no importance; it must remain always a subject of reverent and curious conjecture. What we demand of a biographer and a biography is that they should tell us what was the vision of the great man at some moments of his life which preceded the death agony. But here Sir George, through his three long volumes, gives us no help at all. At the end we know no more about Lord Kitchener's vision than we did at the beginning. It is possible—if we may be allowed our own eschatological conjectures—that the fact gives satisfaction to the Field-Marshal in the other world, for we learn that during his life "an impertinent intrusion into his thoughts he could treat with unforgettable severity."

If the book tells us nothing of Kitchener's vision, it does leave us with a vision of Kitchener. At the beginning of the third volume there is a photograph of a Field-Marshal's uniform with a man inside it. Possibly this might more accurately be described as the photograph of a pair of Field-Marshal's boots with two legs inside them, the whole surmounted by a Field-Marshal's baton, medals, and orders. No philosopher can mistake the real meaning of this photograph: it gives a representation of what Plato would call the Field-Marshalness of a Field-Marshal, or Aristotle the *τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι* of a Field-Marshal. Even that is not philosophically accurate, for we have here not a picture of the essence of a Field-Marshal, but rather

a representation of what the photographer and his subject thought to be the British public's idea of the *τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι* of a British Field-Marshal. The truth of this statement will be confirmed by turning to the photograph at the beginning of Vol. II. Here we have a photograph of the uniforms of a General Commander-in-Chief in India and of his Staff, all with men inside them; but in the forefront of the group are two small spaniels, one with a piece of paper in its mouth. The effect of these spaniels is startling; they have defied the photographer and the biographer; they are unconcealably alive, the only human beings in the photograph and the biography.

If the reader will take these two photographs and compare them with any of the statues of British Generals, statesmen, or heroines in the neighbourhood of Whitehall and Piccadilly, he will get further light upon the biographical method of Sir George Arthur. If the photograph is a representation in two dimensions of the British public's idea of what a British General should be, the statues are precisely the same thing in three dimensions. And this biography is again the same thing manufactured out of words, printing ink, and paper. It is possible, of course, that Lord Kitchener really was only what these sumptuous and pompous volumes represent him to have been, a paste-board figure of a strong, silent man whose heart of gold would melt and whose eyes would fill with tears at the appropriate moment. Yet the vision seems to be almost too complete, too like the photograph of the Field-Marshal's uniform, and the statue of Miss Cavell. We read, for instance, that this stern soldier "would often wistfully say: 'I have no home.'" "A power of witty repartee was always latent" (its latency possibly accounts for the fact that no instance of it relieves the seriousness of these thousand pages). "But he had no joy in the double meaning of an unseemly jest," and when he found himself at "a somewhat improper French light opera," he showed "unmistakable discomfort. He was half puzzled, half dismayed, that any intelligent person should care to see such a piece; interest in the veiled indecencies was as unintelligible to him as the indecencies were themselves intolerable." When the war broke out, it was not only surmised that the Finger of God was writing history in order to "vindicate Divine Justice and Human Right," but also there came the natural conviction that "a great leader [*i.e.*, Lord Kitchener] had been providentially called to the work."

It will be seen from these few quotations that we are here in the region not of realities and human beings, but of essences, biographical and patriotic essences. There is only one instance recorded in these three volumes where it is possible to see a human being inside the Field-Marshal's boots: and that is where Kitchener got very angry when someone looted his table. It is impossible that any human being, outside the world of the penny novelette, could have got himself into the psychological condition of Sir George Arthur's Lord Kitchener, and it is most unfortunate that the biographer should have considered it to be part of his duty to eliminate all the creases and wrinkles which make character, because it is quite probable that Kitchener had a rather interesting character. To attempt a reconstruction of it is now impossible, so effectively has the pumice-stone of the official biography done its work. But even that is not the greatest fault of these three volumes; they contrive somehow or other to make it almost impossible to form a judgment upon Kitchener's objective achievements as a General and an administrator. They leave upon the reader the impression that in Sir George Arthur's opinion Kitchener was, by his achievements, a great man, a great soldier with that "strategic intuition" which always goes with military genius, a great statesman and administrator, and finally a great leader chosen at a great moment by the Finger of

God to write history. If we are to accept this estimate, we must do so almost entirely upon the word of the biographer, because his biographical methods usually leave us without the necessary material for forming our own judgment. One instance of this will suffice.

As a political administrator, Kitchener's reputation must depend upon his work in Egypt, and his Five Feddan Law must be the test of his constructive statesmanship. Sir George Arthur devotes two large volumes to Kitchener's activities before the Great War, and it might have been thought that he could have found room for giving us the material for understanding and judging the Five Feddan Law. The whole subject is dismissed in two and a half pages. The reader has to read the whole two and a half pages before he is given any material for understanding what exactly the law was, and he then finds part of the text of it tucked away in a footnote. He is also informed that "Kitchener's reform stood justified, and since his day the Five Feddan Law has brought contentment and prosperity into thousands of humble homes"; but he is given no figures or facts in support of this statement, and he is expected to accept it on the word of Sir George Arthur. But of all the problems which confront the administrator in the East none is more important, or has hitherto proved more insoluble, than that of the indebtedness of the peasant or small cultivator. The Five Feddan Law has not escaped severe criticism, and something more than Sir George Arthur's assurance about the "humble homes" is required to meet it.

There is, in fact, no proof that Kitchener was a great statesman. There is considerable proof that he was not a great general. The Sudan campaign, by which he made his reputation, was certainly not a great feat of arms; it revealed no strategic genius, and it showed that at the crucial moment, when confronted with the enemy on the battlefield, Kitchener was afflicted by that fatal indecision which distinguishes the second-rate from the first-rate commander. He was only once, at Paardeberg, in command of a large body of troops against a civilized and well-armed enemy. His operations failed badly, and, though Sir George Arthur defends him manfully, the fact remains that the failure was due to Kitchener's methods and tactics. As a General, he belonged to the school of Fabius Cunctator, which is not a school of genius. His talents were those of the first-class *entrepreneur*. He worked slowly and liked to work slowly, building up an immense and intricate organization, and, in the best English tradition, assuring himself that the whole and each minutest detail was of the finest quality. It was these characteristics which made his achievements in the Boer War and the Great War possible and remarkable. Only an Englishman, or possibly a German, could have stolidly sat himself down to wire in the Transvaal, or again in 1914 could have sat himself down to create the Kitchener Armies. These are the achievements not of genius, but of a capacity for stubbornly taking pains which is probably more effective than genius.

Sir George Arthur, it will be seen, leaves us with no real vision of either Kitchener or his work. But there is one characteristic which the unreality, the romantic haze, and all the clichés of this biography cannot conceal. Kitchener had a real simplicity and honesty of mind, very rare in the world of politicians and soldiers in which he moved. You can see this in his straightforward, statesmanlike, and unsuccessful efforts, against Lord Milner, to obtain a "just peace" with the Boers in the beginning of 1901; and you can see it in his honest belief that "treason can go no further than for an Indian newspaper to speak of the King-Emperor as drunken, careless, sinful, and tyrannical."

L. W.

ALMS

THE MARBECK INN. By Harold Brighouse. (Odhams. 7s. net.)
LIGHTING-UP TIME. By Ivor Brown. (R. Cobden-Sanderson, 7s. net.)

NO, no; our case is not really as desperate as this great number of authors would seem to believe. We are not standing on the back-door step with an empty bag, ready for anything as you may care to part with, sir; we are not sitting at the window of the dead drawing-room, wondering whether the couple on the opposite pavement is engaged or married or likely to be engaged and married. It is true that we have a lean and hungry look, but, oh, that our sympathetic entertainers would realize it is not to be changed by the crusts and the leavings they are so boundlessly willing to bestow! Nothing will satisfy us but to be invited as guests to the whole rich banquet—but to feel that our host is, for the wonderful time, our new discovered and yet mysterious friend.

We open novel after novel, we turn page after page, and there are the authors rummaging in dusty cupboards, turning over heaps of discarded garments to find something to fling at us; but our pity for their misguided impulse is shot with suspicion at the sight of so much cheerfulness. Can it be—is it possible that they are enjoying themselves? We can understand the noble satisfaction derived from the performance of an act of charity, but the confidence, the buoyancy, the assurance which is the keynote of these novels is different and tempts us to cry, "Danger." It is so fatally easy, in giving away what one does not need, to delude oneself that the gift really, after all, is no mean one—to find as one brings it into the light and dusts it down and hands it over a quite surprising freshness and newness. How otherwise are we to account for the "air" with which Mr. Brighouse and Mr. Ivor Brown present their heroes, Sam Branstone of "The Marbeck Inn" and Peter Penruddock of "Lighting-up Time"?

Now Sam Branstone was the son of a railway porter and a strong, silent mother. He lived in a mean street in the city of Manchester. In Chapter I. we are told how, through his saving a boy's life, the father of the rescued boy gives Sam his first start in life by sending him to the Grammar School. He is ambitious, and his mother is ambitious for him.

You are to picture Anne, with her forty years of a working woman's life behind her, wrestling with algebra and trigonometry, blazing a trail for Sam to follow. It was heroic, and by some mental freak, successful . . . Day after day, in the intervals of cooking, cleaning, washing, she studied the text-books which so puzzled him . . . She had no education in particular, nothing but a general capacity and a monstrous will . . .

So with his mother's aid he succeeds at school, and leaves to enter the office of an estate agent.

Meantime, he grew in knowledge of the world, and education came to Sam, not in the cloistered freedom of the Isis, but where in Manchester he went collecting rents . . . His eye for the main chance had always a useful squint which could see money round the corner as well as on the straight high road . . .

In course of time Sam falls in love with Ada, "whose intimate clothing was flannelette," and marries her against his mother's will. He makes money by scoring off persons, institutions and things, and finally owns a publishing business. The mud of Manchester, we are told, is thick upon him. Enter Effie, a real woman who determines to save him, to rid him of the mud and to reveal him a sparkling Sam, which she accomplishes by taking him away with her to the Marbeck Inn, sacrificing herself to him, and making him bathe in pools and rivers and tarns and all places where water is, that the physical act of cleansing may be unto him a symbol.

She succeeds, but not before there has been a struggle between the lawful wife of Sam and his mother, who reappears upon the scene to wrestle with more complicated algebraical problems. And the end is Marbeck Inn again with the prospect of an infant Samuel.

"There you are. That's Sam. That's Sammy Branstone for you!" cries Mr. Brighouse, handing us this lifeless figure in a frock coat with a moustache that droops over his mouth. "And there's Anne. There's Sam's mother. There's a woman for you!" he declares, setting down before us a pair of elastic-sided boots, an umbrella and a black bonnet. But his generosity does not stop at that. He goes on measuring yard upon yard of Manchester goods until—we had rather go empty-handed away than burdened with such a parcel.

Mr. Ivor Brown's charitable dole takes the form of a theatrical novel. It tells how Peter Penruddock took pity on Mary Maroon, an actress whose success was on the wane, and engaged himself as her advance agent for a tour in the provinces. We have no doubt, of course, that the tour is going to be a remarkable success, owing to the remarkable ingenuity of Peter. There will be occasional setbacks: Monday nights which are "frosty," little difficulties among the company, occasional displays of the familiar theatrical jealousy, and so on. We are not in the least surprised when a Lord appears on the scene, but we are mildly surprised at his immense importance in the author's eyes. There is also an Honourable Cynthia who has had a family scrap with her papa and is come to Peter for a job.

"I wasn't constructed for use. You see, I was educated at a most frightfully expensive school. . . . I believe it cost hundreds to get through the doors . . ."

"Did you get your money's worth?"

"I learned comportment," she said, and, putting her legs against the fireplace, lit another cigarette.

"Not a blue stocking then?"

"No, black milanese. Of course the price is awful, but then the cheap ones ladder straight away."

Here is a typical example of Mr. Brown's humour. After "sampling" it the reader will not be surprised to know he makes play with tinned salmon and boarding-house ham and a bottle of stout, and that there is a comic lift-boy and . . .

But enough. Were we the beggars that these authors and their kind suppose us to be, we should not weep and make our moan for what we lack, but for what is ungrudgingly, unblushingly thrust upon us.

K. M.

It seems a pity that Mr. Robert Scott's series of "Hand books of Catholic Faith and Practice" is not more uniform in character. It has contained specimens of learned theology and history in Mr. Prestige's study of "The Virgin Birth" and Professor Whitney's admirable little treatise on "The Episcopate and the Reformation," and of simplified theology and history in Mr. Hardy's "Catholic or Roman Catholic" and Canon Ollard's "Reunion." Now in "The Eucharistic Sacrifice," by Dr. Darwell Stone (3s. 6d. net), we have only a course of popular sermons, eked out with some technical notes, a disappointment which is almost ironical when we reflect that Dr. Stone is the greatest English expert on all questions of Eucharistic doctrine, practice and history. Assuredly the sermons are excellent, and full of the calm spirituality that makes all Dr. Stone's devotional utterances a real refreshment to the spirit, but more solid fare than this must be provided if the series is to maintain its usefulness.

An agreeable publication on the same subject is "The Sung Eucharist," by Mr. J. C. H. How, Precentor of Trinity College, Cambridge (Cambridge, Heffer, 2s. net), which provides simple and well-written instructions on Eucharistic doctrine, an analysis of the Liturgy with ceremonial directions, and Merbecke's musical setting to the Mass. The printing and cover of the little manual are delightful, and it should make its mark among a crowd of competitors.

MARGINALIA

THERE are some people to whom the most difficult to obey of all the commandments is that which enjoins us to suffer fools gladly. The prevalence of folly, its monumental, unchanging permanence and its almost invariable triumph over intelligence are phenomena which they cannot contemplate without experiencing a passion of righteous indignation or, at the least, of ill-temper. Sages like Anatole France, who can probe and anatomize human stupidity and still remain serenely detached, are rare. These reflections were suggested by a book recently published in New York and entitled "The American Credo." The authors of this work are those *enfants terribles* of American criticism, Messrs. H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. They have compiled a list of four hundred and eighty-eight articles of faith which form the fundamental Credo of the American people, prefacing them with a very entertaining essay on the national mind:

Truth shifts and changes like a cataract of diamonds; its aspect is never precisely the same at two successive moments. But error flows down the channel of history like some great stream of lava or infinitely lethargic glacier. It is the one relatively fixed thing in a world of chaos.

To look through the articles of the Credo is to realize that there is a good deal of truth in this statement. Such beliefs as the following—not by any means confined to America alone—are probably at least as old as the Great Pyramid:

That if a woman, about to become a mother, plays the piano every day, her baby will be born a Victor Herbert.

That the accumulation of great wealth always brings with it great unhappiness.

That it is bad luck to kill a spider.

That water rots the hair and thus causes baldness.

That if a bride wears an old garter with her new finery, she will have a happy married life.

That children were much better behaved twenty years ago than they are to-day.

And most of the others in the collection, albeit clothed in forms distinctively contemporary and American, are simply variations on notions as immemorial.

Inevitably, as one reads "The American Credo," one is reminded of an abler, a more pitiless and ferocious onslaught on stupidity, I mean Swift's "Complete Collection of Genteel and Ingenious Conversation, according to the most polite mode and method now used at Court and in the Best Companies of England. In three Dialogues. By Simon Wagstaff, Esq." I was inspired after reading Messrs. Mencken and Nathan's work to refresh my memories of this diabolic picture of the social amenities. And what a book it is! There is something almost appalling in the way it goes on and on, a continuous, never-ceasing stream of imbecility. Simon Wagstaff, it will be remembered, spent the best part of forty years in collecting and digesting these gems of polite conversation:

I can faithfully assure the reader that there is not one single witty phrase in the whole Collection which has not received the Stamp and Approbation of at least One Hundred Years, and how much longer it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling and authentic.

How genuine, sterling and authentic Mr. Wagstaff's treasures of polite conversation are is proved by the great number of them which have withstood all the ravages of time, and still do as good service to-day as they did in the early seventeen-hundreds or in the days of Henry VIII.: "Go, you Girl, and warm some fresh Cream." "Indeed, Madam, there's none left; for the Cat has eaten it all." "I doubt it was a Cat with Two Legs." "And, pray, What News, Mr. Neverout?" "Why, Madam, Queen Elizabeth's dead." (It would be interesting to discover at exactly what date Queen Anne took the

place of Queen Elizabeth in this grand old repartee, or who was the monarch referred to when the Virgin Queen was still alive. Aspirants to the degree of B. or D.Litt. might do worse than to take this problem as a subject for their thesis.)

Some of the choicest phrases have come down in the world since Mr. Wagstaff's day. Thus, Miss Notable's retort to Mr. Neverout, "Go, teach your Grannam to suck Eggs," could only be heard now in the dormitory of a preparatory school. Others have become slightly modified. Mr. Neverout says, "Well, all Things have an End, and a pudden has two." I think we may flatter ourselves that the modern emendation, "except a roly-poly pudding, which has two," is an improvement.

Mr. Wagstaff's second dialogue, wherein he treats of Polite Conversation at meals, contains more phrases that testify to the unbroken continuity of tradition than either of the others. The conversation that centres on the sirloin of beef is worthy to be recorded in its entirety:

Lady Smart. Come, Colonel, handle your Arms. Shall I help you to some Beef?

Colonel. If your Ladyship please; and, pray, don't cut like a Mother-in-law, but send me a large Slice; for I love to lay a good Foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble Sir-loyn.

Neverout. Ay; here's cut and come again.

Miss. But, pray; why is it call'd a Sir-loyn?

Lord Smart. Why, you must know that our King James the First, who lov'd good Eating, being invited to Dinner by one of his Nobles, and seeing a large Loyn of Beef at his Table, he drew out his Sword, and, in a Frolic, knighted it. Few people know the Secret of this.

How delightful it is to find that we have Mr. Wagstaff's warrant for such gems of wisdom as, "Cheese digests everything except itself," and "If you eat till you're cold, you'll live to grow old"! If they were a hundred years old in his day they are fully three hundred now. Long may they survive! I was sorry, however, to notice that one of the best of Mr. Wagstaff's phrases has been, in the revolution of time, completely lost. Indeed, before I had read Aubrey's "Lives," Lord Sparkish's remark, "Come, box it about; 'twill come to my Father at last," was quite incomprehensible to me. The phrase is taken from a story of Sir Walter Raleigh and his son.

Sir Walter Raleigh, [says Aubrey] being invited to dinner to some great person where his son was to goe with him, he said to his son, "Thou art expected to-day at dinner to goe along with me, but thou art so quarrelsome and affronting that I am ashamed to have such a beare in my company." Mr. Walter humbled himself to his father and promised he would behave himself mightily manly. So away they went. He sate next to his father and was very demure at least halfe dinner time. Then said he, "I this morning, not having the feare of God before my eies, but by the instigation of the devill, went. . . ."

At this point Mr. Clark, in his edition, suppresses four lines of Aubrey's text; but one can imagine the sort of thing Master Walter said.

Sir Walter, being strangely surprized and putt out of countenance at so great a table, gives his son a damned blow over the face. His son, as rude as he was, would not strike his father, but strikes over the face the gentleman that sate next to him and said, "Box about: 'twill come to my father anon." 'Tis now a common-used proverb.

And so it still deserves to be; how, when and why it became extinct, I have no idea. Here is another good subject for a thesis.

There are but few things in Mr. Wagstaff's dialogue which appear definitely out of date and strange to us, and these superannuations can easily be accounted for. Thus the repeal of the Criminal Laws has made almost incomprehensible the constant references to hanging made by Mr. Wagstaff's personages. The oaths and the occasional mild grossnesses have gone out of fashion in mixed polite society. Otherwise their conversation is in all essentials exactly the same as the conversation of the present day. And this is not to be wondered at; for, as a wise man has said:

Speech at the present time retains strong evidence of the survival in it of the function of herd recognition. . . . The function of conversation is ordinarily regarded as being the exchange of ideas and information. Doubtless it has come to have such a function, but an objective examination of ordinary conversation shows that the actual conveyance of ideas takes a very small part in it. As a rule the exchange seems to consist of ideas which are necessarily common to the two speakers and are known to be so by each. . . . Conversation between persons unknown to one another is apt to be rich in the ritual of recognition. When one hears or takes part in these elaborate evolutions, gingerly proffering one after another of one's marks of identity, one's views on the weather, on fresh air and draughts, on the Government and on uric acid, watching intently for the first low hint of a growl, which will show one belongs to the wrong pack and must withdraw, it is impossible not to be reminded of the similar manoeuvres of the dog and to be thankful that Nature has provided us with a less direct, though perhaps a more tedious, code.

AUTOLYCUS.

THE MECHANICS OF ELIZABETHAN PLAYWRITING

NOT all the flowering of genius in the Elizabethan age, remarkable as that flowering was, suffices to explain the fact that more dramatic masterpieces were written in the three decades between 1590 and 1620 than the English stage had the good fortune to produce in the next three centuries. How chanced it that, although dramatic genius was not lacking in seventeenth-century France, neither Corneille, Racine nor Molière ever rose to Shakespearian heights? Don't tell me it is simply a question of the national equation. If the French have the inferior dramatic capacity, Paris would never have become, what she long remained, the centre of the theatrical world. The real truth of the matter is that in seventeenth-century France the mechanics of the playwright's art hindered, while in Elizabethan England they helped. In large degree the Elizabethan constellation owed its superiority to its politic flouting of that continental incubus, the Three Unities. No English dramatist was expected to dance his hornpipe in fetters; Jonson essayed the feat, and for a time the spectators marvelled—only to desert him for the normal, nimbler jiggings of a Shakespeare or a Heywood. In good sooth, rare and rugged old Ben apart, the Elizabethan dramatist troubled himself little about rules. Generally more absorbed in making lucid narration of a popular story than in moulding a new and shapely plot, he had little to bear in mind beyond the customary cutting of his play into the Horatian five acts. He was precluded from worrying over situations for the neat bringing-down of his curtain by the fact that he had no curtain to bring down. Psychology he sometimes outraged at the dictates of the pleasant ending, but on the whole there is a remarkable absence of artificial climax in the strictly Elizabethan drama. No setting of scenery gave him pause in the construction of his play. Little more had to be borne in mind beyond the time-limit of the performance, the three-hours traffic of the stage. An act might consist of as many scenes as one pleased, and a scene might on occasion be of remarkable brevity. The note of the entire scheme was its grateful ductility. The prime appeal was to the imagination. Much of the uniqueness, and not a little of the high poetic quality, of the platform-stage drama were due to the fact that the playwright was compelled to paint-in his backgrounds and create his atmosphere with his pen.

Other circumstances, less considered, aided in the building up of a monumental drama. The Elizabethan theatres were occupied by stock companies whose members were little given to chopping and changing, and the professional playwright invariably wrote to order for some particular company with whose qualities he was intimate. (There was no excuse for ignorance on this score, for everywhere he had the freedom of the house.) It is significant that Shakespeare, like Heywood and Will Rowley at certain periods in their career, was a player in the happy organization for which he wrote. To-day, the number of parts in a play is a vital consideration, every part practically connoting a salary, but three hundred years ago such a question never arose. True, the old-time dramatist had to limit the number of his principal characters, male and female, for the reason that the chief players rarely, if ever, doubled parts; but the minor rôles were virtually illimitable

since the "hirelings" were accustomed, each and every one of them, as the lawyers say, to the doubling of three or four parts. Among other prevailing fallacies about the Elizabethan stage, it has long been customary to consider the hireling as little better than a super. This impression has arisen from the circumstance that unlike the actor-sharer he was paid by a daily stipend, though never engaged for less than a couple of seasons. While it cannot be gainsaid that he did duty on occasion as a super (even the musicians were not exempt from that office), the hireling was, generally speaking, a competent actor of a minor order, fulfilling what would now be called "general utility."

This reliance on the doubling powers of the hirelings gave rise to a prime peculiarity of Elizabethan construction, particularly noticeable in "Hamlet," the early disappearance from the play of many minor characters. If Shakespeare lends himself so readily to doubling—a thing often remarked and still acted upon—it is simply because he wrote so many of his parts to be doubled. Obvious as is the solution, it has never hitherto been proffered. Commentators have wholly overlooked the possibility that an Elizabethan dramatist's treatment of a character could be imperiously dictated by the mere mechanics of his art. In his absorbing monograph on Shakespeare, Sir Walter Raleigh expresses himself as puzzled to know why the Master, when he has no further use for a character, "sometimes disposes of him in the most unprincipled and reckless fashion." He instances the hard fate of poor Antigonus in "The Winter's Tale," pointing out that "up to the time of his sudden death, Antigonus has served his maker well; he has played an important part in the action, and by his devotion and courage has won the affection of all the spectators." This seeming callousness on Shakespeare's part was simply matter of economic necessity. Antigonus had served his purpose, and he had to be killed off because his representative was wanted to play another character.

Familiarized with the company for which he wrote, it was the business of the Elizabethan dramatist to measure histrionic temperaments for parts, and he often did his work so thoroughly in this respect that it is not uncommon to find a character stamped with the physical denotements of its original exponent. This must have proved somewhat of a drawback in after years when the play came to be revived. Tarleton the famous clown was a small man, and nearly all the parts written for him make allusion to his size. Shakespeare was not above making capital out of the extreme gauntness of visage which was a marked characteristic of the first actor to play Holofernes in "Love's Labour Lost."* Even the peculiarities of the minor fry did not escape him. There could have been no point in Lady Macbeth's reflection,

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements,

unless a hoarse-voiced hireling had been specially chosen to play the part of the messenger. No physical peculiarity escaped the observation of these old dramatists. Remark the allusions to the long-leggedness of Churms in "Wily Beguiled." "Why, look you now," says Will Cricket, "if I had been such a great, long, large, lob-cocked, loselled lurdan as Master Churms is, I'll warrant you, I should never have got Peg as long as I had lived, for do you mark, a wench will never love a man that has all his substance in his legs." And later on Lelia says:

Master Churms, are you not well?
I must confess I would have chosen you,
But that I ne'er beheld your legs till now;
Trust me, I never look'd so low before.

Even writers for the children-companies had particular boys in mind when they designed their characters. There is clear evidence that the youngster who played Captain Jenkins in "Northward Hoe," when Dekker and Webster's lively

* Writing in "The Stratford-Town Shakespeare," Mr. Henry Davey maintains that there must have been a preternaturally lean actor in Shakespeare's company for whom he designed Robert Faulconbridge in "King John," Gaunt in "Richard II.," the Apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet" and Starveling in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." To this list I should be inclined to add Holofernes, Slender, and above all, Cassius. Caesar's dwelling on "the lean and hungry look" is particularly noticeable.

comedy was produced by the Paul's Boys, was much smaller than the average. Take the situation in the second act where the Captain asks Doll what sized man she would like for a husband

Doll. Of the meanest stature, captain; not a size longer than yourself nor shorter.

Captain. By God, 'tis well said; all your best captains in the Low Countries are no taller as I: but why of my pitch, Mistress Doll?

Doll. Because your smallest arrows fly farthest.

Apart from indications of this order, the fact that the Elizabethan dramatist wrote his parts for specific actors and kept them steadily in mind is substantiated by other evidence. He had a curious habit when writing the dialogue for some of his minor characters of prefacing the speeches, not by the name of the character, but by the name of its prospective exponent. Shakespeare himself adopted the practice, and, as existing MS. prompt copies testify, it survived his period. Why this substitution of the players' names should have been confined to a few minor parts is difficult to determine. The original manuscripts of plays were commonly used, after licensing, as prompt copies, and a manuscript in which all the speeches were prefaced by the actors' names would have been convenient for the prompter. The evidence, however, for the piecemeal application of the principle is indisputable. Thus in the induction to the pre-Shakespearean "Taming of the Shrew," the name of the actor, Sanders, precedes the speeches of the First Player. Shakespeare himself affords no fewer than three examples of the practice. In "2 King Henry IV.," Quarto, 1600, Act V., the officer's speeches are assigned to Sinklo; and in "3 King Henry VI.," in the forest scene as given in the Folio, Sinklo and Humphrey, two identified hirelings, figure throughout as the keepers. What is still more remarkable is that both in the Quarto of 1600 and the Folio copy of "Much Ado about Nothing," the names of Cowley and Kemp are substituted before the speeches in Act IV. sc. ii. for those of Verges and Dogberry.

While it seems highly probable that these substitutions were made for the prompter's convenience, there is no reason to believe that they were the work of the prompter. Since the prompt copy was not prepared with any view to ulterior publication, although often put to that purpose, there is no reason why, if wholly transcribed by the prompter, the principle of substitution should not have been applied to all the speeches. That it was confined to a few minor characters whose appearance was infrequent, was probably due to the circumstance that those were precisely the characters least readily identifiable by the prompter with their representatives. No matter how humble the player might be, the prompter was always sure of his name, but he was not always sure of the name of the character he played.

Of the influence of the actors on the whole trend of Elizabethan dramaturgy there can be no question. It is obvious that an era of many masterpieces must have been an era of great acting. No dramatist writing for a specific company could have been touched to fine issues unless he had been assured of the capacity of his interpreters. Without Alleyn and Burbage we should have had no Faustus, no Hamlet, no Othello. Doubtless the genius of these two was paralleled in later times by Betterton, Garrick and Edmund Kean, but, viewed in its entirety, there were circumstances associated with Elizabethan histrionism which constituted it permanently unique. Especially is there reason to marvel over the inspired artistry of the boy-players of women, whose patiently acquired technic rendered it possible for a Juliet, a Rosalind and an Imogen to emerge.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD will deliver on Wednesday, May 5, in the rooms of the Royal Society, the fifth annual British Academy lecture on aspects of art. He has chosen as his subject "The Tangled Skein: Art in England, 1800 to 1920."

HIGH prices are being paid in America for Oscar Wilde MSS. At a recent sale at the Anderson Galleries, New York, \$7,900 (more than £1,500) were paid for a collection of twenty-five letters to Lord Alfred Douglas. The total of the sale (423 lots) was \$46,800, over £10,000 at the present rate of exchange.

THE BRITWELL LIBRARY

THE books from the Britwell Library to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby during the first week of May, if not of the supreme importance of some in recent sales, are yet of the greatest interest both to students of our history in general, and to bibliographers in particular. It may indeed be said that no collection since the days of Heber has contained so many unsuspected treasures as are to be found in the Christie-Miller library.

Monday and Tuesday's sale is devoted to volumes which were collected for their bindings, and it includes no fewer than 464 consecutive lots bound for the famous French historian de Thou or for his third son. The books themselves are, taken as a rule, of no great importance, being for the most part contemporary publications. We do not quite see how a book printed in Dublin in 1641 can have been stamped with the arms of a man who died in 1617; probably his son continued to use them. One hardly expects a treatise on Natural Philosophy to be published at Dublin on the eve of the Great Rebellion. There are however, a book on cooking by the Pope's cook, a list of the Vatican types, a de Thou binding sold as a duplicate by the British Museum, and eight or nine very rare Spanish books. Among the remaining forty volumes there are some splendid pieces of work, to judge by the reproductions in the illustrated catalogue (price 5s.), including a superb Le Monnier, a Badier signed binding (only one other known), a Maioli binding, several fine English bindings, a Clovis Eve, a Grolier binding, some Padeloups, and a Canevari binding.

The other three days are devoted to sixteenth- and seventeenth-century theology, at a time, one needs reminding, when theology meant current politics. With the books in this catalogue before him, any man could sit down to write a history of politics in England from the fifteenth century to the Civil War. Though they are arranged alphabetically, they fall into distinct classes. The first is of course pre-Reformation devotional works: these include some very rare Wynkyn de Worde, a very desirable set of sermons by Bishop Fisher, early translations from Erasmus, and a number of Pynsons, Redmans and Berthelets. Next comes a very fine set (almost complete, though scattered over the catalogue) of the books printed by John Hochstraten at Antwerp for Tyndale and his friends from 1528 to 1533 under the pseudonym of Hans Luft of Marburg. This set is made more valuable by the presence of an extremely rare book printed by Hochstraten under his own name at Malmo, when he had to leave Antwerp, John Gau's "Right Way to the Kingdome of Hevine." This is the only copy known, and ought not to be allowed to leave the country, and it is to be hoped that someone will purchase it for the British Museum. If the description of lot 479 is not in error, we have here a new edition of "The Obedience of a Christian Man." Lot 478 is certainly not the first edition of "The Practyse of Prelates." The beginning of the English Reformation is marked by the "Determinations" of the Universities as to Henry's marriage and the "Necessary Doctrine." The Edwardian period is mainly noticeable for the London reprints of Reformation books printed abroad, and the Marian period is very fully represented. With Elizabeth we get John Knox, the Bishops, and Martin Marprelate, the last-named nearly complete, though some of the items are catalogued under Penry. Later still we get a very full set illustrating the origin of the Congregationalists.

The collection illustrates some of the difficulties of a cataloguer. There are, for example, two copies of a book by Bishop Cooper printed in 1562. It would seem that Powell the publisher, anticipating a large demand, had the book printed by two men with different standards of spelling. To all intents and purposes these are two editions, but they were obviously meant as one. Again, "The Royal Book" was issued partly by Wynkyn de Worde and partly by Pynson with different colophons only—are they separate editions? Of course a collector would like both. To conclude, there are an Oxford-printed incunabulum in an Oxford binding which someone ought to present to the Bodleian, and a Boston-printed tract of 1720 endeavouring to teach the colonists of those days "The Reasonableness of Regular Singing, or Singing by Note."

Science

THE SCIENTIFIC CONTRIBUTION

FOR something like seventy years science has been the dominant intellectual activity of the Western world. During that period the range of its material has greatly increased until now the scientific method is regarded as the method proper to almost any investigation. Philosophy is still a partial exception, but there is a strong tendency to regard such philosophic problems as are not susceptible to the application of the scientific method as being essentially incapable of solution, or else as incorrectly stated. But although the prestige of science is so great, and the general attitude towards it so reverential, there is still much confusion respecting its function and achievement. Its relations to other human interests and activities are not yet clearly defined. The attempts to define them by allotting to science its "sphere" have proved, in the result, to be so ill-judged that it is now considered safer to waive the question of limitations altogether. The question is not settled. Everything is left open but it is not therefore assumed that science contains or will contain all we know or all we need to know. Science is not yet the one object of our contemplation: we have a number of interests which still lead separate lives. The separation is not complete. Science, if not openly, then indirectly, has invaded every province of the mind, and even a modern musical composition counts Copernicus as well as Beethoven amongst its ancestors. But it is admitted, of course, that we are not usually reminded of astronomy in listening to music; there is a sense in which music, and many other things, are autonomous. But it is interesting to notice that science, to a greater extent than any other pursuit, can be isolated, although its historical direction has been influenced, of course, by social and political accidents. Science has given generously, but has taken comparatively little, and its few borrowings are in process of being handed back with regret as being, after all, unsuitable.

What, then, is the precise nature and extent of the contribution of science to our total stock? Although we do not intend its practical applications by this question, we cannot wholly ignore them. It is impossible completely to separate the "material" and "spiritual" aspects of life, and the sum of the practical applications of science has even profoundly affected much of our abstract thinking. Where it has not originated questions it has at least made them acute, if by no other process than by creating or transforming social conditions. It is easy to trace the ancestry of whole schools of social philosophy to the steam engine and the dynamo, and it is probable that the influence of future applications will be even more extensive. The morality, art and philosophy of, for example, a disease-less world where the average span of human life was two or three times its present value, would certainly differ greatly from our own. We cannot, then, ignore the practical applications of science, although they are not, in themselves, pertinent to our question. But when we turn to consider the direct spiritual value of science we are conscious, at the outset, of some hesitation.

It was a common article of the Victorian scientist's creed that scientific study was, in itself, an "ennobling" and purifying influence. He stressed the complete detachment required, in scientific research, from all prepossessions; the man of science was completely candid, completely docile in face of the facts. Until one became as a little child it was no use entering a laboratory. We have realized since then that scientific men are human, and have their full share of the unfortunate characteristics proper to that state. But it remains true that the scientific ideal of detachment and the scientific ideal of evidence are

higher than the corresponding ideals elsewhere. In spite of the evidence furnished by our newspapers we may, if we are optimists, believe that science is gradually infecting the whole community with its conception of these ideals. If this is indeed the case it must be counted a direct and very important moral gain, as an indisputably valuable contribution which may be set over against those somewhat ambiguous practical applications.

A third contribution is to be found in the large store of æsthetic objects provided by science. Many of its theories are objects of surpassing beauty. This is particularly true of the mathematical sciences—indeed, there are a number of mathematicians who have felt impelled to write of their science in a kind of prose-poetry—but it is almost equally true of such a science as Geology. We can contemplate schemes which, in their own way, are as all-embracing as that of the "Divina Commedia," and it does not detract from their æsthetic charm to know that they are also true. The processes by which the theories are obtained are often as æsthetically important as the theories themselves. A subtle, elaborate and economical piece of reasoning often affords great æsthetic pleasure, none the less real because comparatively few people enjoy it. The fact that the history of a big scientific investigation, such as the Electro-magnetic Theory or Einstein's Theory of Relativity, is not generally regarded as a poem is due merely to an accident of language and education. But we have to admit that most people are affected by these accidents, and that the æsthetic objects provided by science count almost as few admirers as do the "beauties" of chess. If we may judge from the number of popular books and articles dealing with science, there is some hope, however, that this particular contribution is receiving more attention. The results of such increased attention will not be simple, but if it did no more than add fresh æsthetic objects, the contribution would be important.

The fourth contribution of science, both in itself and for its reaction on other interests, is perhaps the most important of all. This contribution is, put briefly, the light thrown by science on man's place in the universe. Every branch of science conspires directly to this end. With some the emphasis is on the universe as distinct from man; others are concerned chiefly with man himself. To the general mind the result has been to make the universe bigger and man smaller, and this is, perhaps, no unfair summary. It is probably difficult, after hearing a duet sung by an astronomer and a psycho-analyst, not to feel depressed. But, such as it is, there can be no doubt that any conception of man's destiny that is to command attention must conceive that destiny as played against the background of the scientific cosmos. Whether the vision be that of a prophet, philosopher or poet, it must accept those postulates. The cosmos revealed by science, both in its direct influence upon the mind and in its almost equally direct influence upon religion, philosophy and the arts, is the most important part of the scientific contribution to our spiritual life. So far as philosophers and artists are concerned, this influence is recognized. It is probably desirable that the influence upon philosophy should increase, but in the case of the artist we are faced with a special problem. Its discussion would be interesting, the more so in view of the fact that artists themselves have contributed very little that is helpful to its elucidation. We think it essential to its solution to remember that the artist, like the scientist, starts with facts. But the system within which the facts are related is entirely different in the two cases. The scientific scheme must, of course, be accepted by the artist *en bloc* if his work is to be more than a pure fantasy. But this is very different from identifying his own scheme with the scientific scheme. That is to fail signally to perceive the limitations of the scientific contribution. An interesting particular case of this

problem is to be found in the question of the right relations of the psychological novelist to the science of psycho-analysis. A scientific investigation is often, as we have said, a work of art, but not necessarily a work of literary art. The scientific contribution is very considerable, but offerings from the older benefactors are still gratefully received.

SOCIETIES

LINNEAN.—April 15.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

Professor W. Grant Craib was elected a Fellow, and Mr. Ernest W. Swanton an Associate.

Capt. F. Kingdon Ward gave an account of his "Natural History Exploration on the North-East Frontier of Burma," which was illustrated by a series of lantern-slides. Mr. H. N. Ridley, Dr. O. Stapf, and the President contributed additional remarks.

Mr. R. Paulson showed and discussed lantern-slides illustrating definite stages in the sporulation of *Gonidia* within the thallus of the lichen *Evernia Prunastri*, Ach. Capt. J. Ramsbottom spoke in support of the views put forward by Mr. Paulson.

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL.—April 21.—Mr. R. H. Hooker, President, in the chair.

A description of the Night Sky Recorder recently brought into use at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, was given. The object of the instrument is to supplement the daily sunshine record in so far as it gives an indication of the amount of cloud. Measurements are made by means of a photographic scale.

A paper entitled "Local Weather Conditions at Mullion, Cornwall," was read by Lieut. N. L. Silvester. He prefaced his paper by a brief account of the topography of the Lizard peninsula, dealing mainly with those features that seemed to act as controlling factors of local weather. Much useful information relating to the local occurrence of fogs and of unusual visibility had been tabulated; whilst another feature was the collection in tabular form of local signs of approaching bad weather, which should prove of value to the local forecaster.

Mr. J. E. Clark gave an account of the Surrey hailstorm of July 16, 1918, which differed from other British visitations by the fortunate absence of much wind and by coming after midnight. The track of serious damage rarely exceeded half a mile in width and was 16½ miles long, the hail beginning at 1.55 a.m. west of Holmwood station, and ending near North Bromley station, 22 miles to the north-east, at about 2.30 a.m. (true time). At Purley 1.37 inches of rain fell in 11 minutes.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—April 15.—Mr. Percy H. Webb, Treasurer, in the chair.

Commander H. N. Watson, R.N., was elected a Fellow.

Mr. G. F. Hill gave an account of a find of Anglo-Saxon coins at Chester in 1914. The bulk of the find had been recovered through the efforts of Professor Robert Newstead, who had presented to the British Museum all the specimens required to fill gaps there. About 120 coins had been seen by Mr. Hill, covering the reign of Eadgar, Eadweard II. and Aethelred II. A large number of mints was represented; and among the more remarkable coins were a penny of Eadweard II. of Guildford (a mint not previously known earlier than the reign of Aethelred II.) and a Lincoln penny of Eadweard II. with the title "Rex Angliæ" instead of the usual "Rex Anglorum."

Mr. Harold Mattingly read a paper on the "Mints of Claudius Gothicus," in which he gave an account of Markl's distribution of the coins of this emperor to the five mints of Rome, Ticinum, Siscia, Cyzicus and Antioch. He supported the attribution of the T coins to Ticinum rather than Tarraco, but would assign Markl's Sercida group to Cyzicus as they could not be separated in style from the coins certainly of this mint.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—April 15.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

Mr. C. H. Hunter Blair communicated a note on the seal of Harold's College of Secular Canons at Waltham Holy Cross. This seal, which the author discovered among the muniments of the Dean and Chapter of Durham, was previously unknown. It was attached to a grant to Algar the prior and the monks of Durham from Adam, canon of Holy Cross, and could be dated between 1109 and 1137. The design consisted of a cross upheld by two angels, and was evidently the original from which the oval seal of the subsequent abbey of Austin canons was derived.

Mr. E. J. Forsdyke read a paper on some arrowheads from the battlefield of Marathon. The paper dealt with a group of ten large iron arrowheads found in 1830 in a tomb on the battlefield, and now in the British Museum. They differed both in form and material from ancient Greek arrowheads, and were evidently related to Oriental types, such as had been found in rare instances among the antiquities of Asia Minor, Cyprus, Syria and the Caucasus. They bore much closer similarity to modern Oriental arrowheads, Indo-Persian, Chinese, Siberian, and especially Japanese of the 16th to

the 19th centuries. There was good reason, however, to suppose that the arrowheads from Marathon were ancient, and that they had been brought to Marathon by one of the Oriental bowmen in the Persian army, such as Herodotus described among the troops of Xerxes. The likeness to modern Asiatic weapons could be explained by survival of the ancient types.

ZOOLOGICAL.—April 13.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. R. I. Pocock exhibited and made remarks on two specimens of Fournier's hutia (*Capromys pilorides*) living in the Society's menagerie. He also gave an exhibition, illustrated by lantern-slides, to show the differences in external characters between the ratel (*Mellivora*) and the wolverine (*Gulo*).

Mr. H. A. Baylis and Lieut.-Col. Clayton Lane gave a résumé, illustrated with lantern-slides, of their paper on "A Revision of the Nematode Family Gnathostomidae."—Professor H. Maxwell Lefroy communicated a paper by Mr. A. M. Alton on "The Life-History and Habits of Two Parasites of Blowflies."

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

April.

Fri. 30. King's College, 4.—"Christian Art: Justinian and the Byzantine Era: I. Historical Survey," Professor P. Dearmer.

University College, 5.30.—"Greek Science," Professor J. A. Platt.

Royal Institution, 9.—"The Earliest-known Land Flora," Dr. F. O. Bower.

May.

Sat. 1. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth," Lecture I., Dr. F. Chamberlin. —5. Annual Meeting.

Mon. 3. Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting.

King's College, 5.30.—"Outlines of Greek History from the Sixth Century to the Nineteenth Century," Lecture I., Professor A. J. Toynbee.

King's College, 5.30.—"Portuguese Literature and the Protestant Reformation," Professor G. Young.

University College, 5.30.—"British Library of Political Science," Mr. B. M. Headicar.

Society of Arts, 8.—"The Decoration and Architecture of Robert Adam and Sir John Soane, 1758-1837," Lecture I., Mr. A. T. Bolton. (Cantor Lecture.)

Royal Geographical, 8.30.—"Across Arabia, from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea," Mr. H. St. J. Philby.

Tues. 4. Royal Institution, 3.—"British Ethnology: the Invaders of England," Lecture II., Professor A. Keith.

Bedford College, 4.30.—"The English Lyric before Chaucer," Lecture I., Professor Carleton Brown.

King's College, 5.30.—"Kant's Aesthetic Theory," Lecture I., Professor H. Wildon Carr.

King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia," Lecture I., Sir Bernard Pares.

Wed. 5. British Academy (Royal Society's Rooms).—"The Tangled Skein: Art in England, 1800 to 1920," Sir Reginald Blomfield.

Royal Archaeological Institute, 4.30.—"Figure Sculpture, Painted Glass and Mediæval Decoration," Mr. Aymer Vallance.

Society of Arts, 4.30.—"A Photographic Research Laboratory," Dr. C. E. Kenneth Mees.

School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, 5.—"Bahaism," Mr. Ahmad Safwat.

Geological, 5.30.—"A Natural 'Eolith' Factory beneath the Thanet Sand," Mr. S. Hazzledine Warren.

Thurs. 6. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Legends of the Babylonians," Mr. R. Campbell Thompson.

Royal, 4.30.—"The Aerodynamics of a Spinning Shell," R. H. Fowler, E. C. Gallop, C. N. H. Lock and H. W. Richmond; "Researches on the Elastic Properties and the Plastic Extension of Metals," Professor W. E. Dalby; "Investigations on Lightning Discharges and on the Electric Field of Thunderstorms," C. T. R. Wilson; "The Supply of Energy to Atmospheric Eddies," L. F. Richardson.

School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, 5.—"The Development of Modern Educational Institutions in India," Lecture I., Dr. S. Ahmad Khan.

Linnean, 5.—"Notes on the Physiology of Sponges," and "Pandorina spongiarum, a New Species of Alga found in a Sponge," Dr. G. P. Bidder; "The British Marsh Orchids and their Varieties," Mr. E. J. Bedford.

King's College, 5.30.—"La Dynastie de Macédoine," Lecture I., Dr. Lysimachos Economos.

University College, 5.30.—"Greek Science and Modern Science: a Comparison and Contrast," Lecture I., Dr. C. Singer.

University College, 5.30.—"Raffaello Sanzio," Professor Cippico.

Fine Arts

THE TWO CUBISMS

II.

THE French painter has a total lack of imagination in the general sense of the word. He has no gift for creating in cold blood and without outside assistance even a modest image. The Saints of our cathedral doors are primarily portraits. The image-maker who wished to carve them turned to his neighbour and copied his face; he put his question immediately to nature, but he examined it with love so deep, with application so remarkable, and such a sense of unity, that the model, as it were separating itself miraculously from its vulgar blemishes, lightened of its terrestrial attributes, assumed those of a divinity. The idiom of the French artist is as generalized as that of the Italian, but, unlike that of the Italian, the French seeks its elements in the particular. It is not the richer for it; it seems less abundant, but it preserves from its humble origin I know not what fragrance, which, for a French heart, can never be replaced. Look at the "Virgin among the Rocks" at the Louvre or Leonardo's "St. John." If you have passed through the room of the French primitives, if you have looked for long at "L'homme au verre de vin," the two faces of the Italian master will become intolerable in spite of their ideal beauty, because they are anonymous.

The attitude of the French artist has not varied since the Middle Ages, and it seems to me that his programme ought not to change from what it has been so long in spite of the impressionist renewal. It is this fidelity to the traditions of the race which has led the most patient of the Cubists, perhaps unconsciously, to turn to the external world. Their aim is essentially Cubist; they are always concerned to address themselves to the highest faculties of man, and if possible "to uplift to the heavens every healthy understanding." But, in spite of Michael Angelo and Metzinger, it is from their senses that they wish to obtain a type of beauty. The picture remains for them a speculation of the spirit, but this speculation, instead of exercising itself upon pure figures, imagined, can only operate upon figures that arise from an emotion towards nature. It is not the glass or the plate in general which will inspire them, but the novel combination which arises for them out of this glass, that plate, perceived in an unexpected setting, which will modify their shapes and suggest an expressive geometry to the painter. Thus, whilst the pure Cubists start from a concept, the emotional Cubists, whom I long to call Cubist-impressionists, start from a sensation. If the first are idealists, the second are realists in the manner of Cézanne. Like Cézanne, it is by means of meditation on what is given by sensation that they wish to arrive at spirit and order; they desire to follow the counsel of the Master of Aix and "make of impressionism a durable thing like the art of the museums." The formula is good; in it Cézanne has defined painting for a century or two, and perhaps for longer still.

The group of emotional Cubists was not complete in the "Indépendants." De la Fresnaye, Delaunay, Le Fauconnier were not there. But there was Léger with a picture of a Paris street, where the walls, by reason of the animation given them by their covering of many-coloured posters, seemed to move; while the human beings, reduced to the condition of grey silhouettes, are absorbed by the dynamism of modern life. There was Gleizes with his circuses, where the dancers and the clowns radiate movements around them like waves. I have spoken of the plastic dreams of the pure Cubists which they project on to the objects. Here the object, street,

circus, bar or harbour, exists before the dreams; it awakes them, it arouses them.

The opposition between the two groups is increased when one compares the quality of the light in their pictures. Just as the lighting of the pure Cubists is artificial and only for the intelligence, the illumination of the works of the second group is like that which envelops and caresses French painting alone. The painter from the Ile de France combines with the human gifts of which I spoke a sense of atmosphere unique in the world. The impressionism of Monet, entirely visual, is a monstrous exaggeration of this particular gift. Claude, Watteau, and Corot, though they may construct their canvases like so much architecture, never stop till they have bathed the contours in soft luminous vapours.

Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Zurbaran, El Greco, on one side, Claude, Watteau and Corot on the other. . . . One can only choose between these admirable masters on sentimental grounds. It is not, therefore, to give precedence to state that the pure Cubists are becoming more and more vigorous in defence of their own side; and it is perhaps no treachery on my part, who have always been the apprentice of the French masters, to add to the Cubists' definition of a picture the two following amendments: "A picture is a geometrical construction taking its rise from a sensation, a geometrical construction dissolved in light."

ANDRÉ LHOTE.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—Spring Exhibition. ELGAR GALLERY.—Etchings, Woodcuts and Lithographs by French Artists.

GRAFTON GALLERIES.—French Art from the Galeries des Beaux-Arts, Paris.

PATERSON & CARFAX.—Paintings by Malcolm Milne.

GREATOREX GALLERIES.—Water-Colours by Harry Morley.

GOUPIL GALLERY.—Paintings by the late Mabel Nicholson.

AGNEW & SONS'.—Portraits by Harrington Mann.

CONNELL & SONS'.—Etchings and Drypoints by Theodore Roussel.

THE catalogue of the R.B.A. informs us that a donor of one hundred guineas to the Society is entitled to a free-admission ticket to the exhibitions for self and friends for life. The price strikes us as excessive for a very doubtful privilege. For the R.B.A. exhibitions are mediocre with a mediocrity that hurts. The pictures are not only mediocre in conception and execution; they are mediocre in intention, mediocre on principle. The men and women who produce these feeble approximations of obvious appearances year after year, glory in a mediocrity which protects them from critical attack.

The Eldar Gallery has resuscitated that forgotten artist Rodolphe Bresdin, whose lithographs and etchings De Banville described as "worlds to study, minute, complicated, enormous . . . detailed even to dementia, and rivalling nature by the infinitely tiny sought even to the atom." As De Banville's words suggest, Bresdin tried to capture nature in an almost incredibly fine mesh. His work is the product of an intense vision which peered into the crevices of organic forms, but missed the rhythm of the main growths, of an intense intelligence driven a little mad by poverty and neglect, and of an intense emotion dissipated in laborious trifling. There is nothing flashy or popular in Bresdin's art; it is impeccable in intention, and it represents the very best he could do. But Bresdin's best is very far from the best of Dürer, by whom he was evidently inspired. To the modern eye these etchings and lithographs seem much ado about next to nothing. Not because they are too intricate, but because the intricacy is not directed and controlled by a major design. The details are as it were parochial, self-sufficient, oblivious of the large national claims of the picture as a whole. Bresdin's art moves us less than the crudely coloured lithographs of Vuillard, where the symbolic statements of the various forms are all inter-related, and dictated by the central design. Vuillard's prints here, "Terrasse de Café" and "Nature

Morte," are characteristic of the Gauguin tradition in modern painting. They appear at first quite flat and merely decorative, but they take on more and more plasticity and recession as we examine them. The woodcuts and lithographs by Gauguin himself which appear here are not representative of his powers, but they demonstrate nevertheless his infallible decorative instinct. The exhibition as a whole, which includes also prints by Manet, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Louis Legrand and Odilon Redon, maintains the standard which we associate with the gallery.

The exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, somewhat strangely described as "French Art," is of a lower order. It consists of a room full of dubious old masters boldly attributed to Veronese, Rubens, Jordaens, Boucher and so on, and collections of work by Steinlen, most ineffectual as an oil painter; Fornerod, a Salon d'Automne artist who lacks power and personality, but is apparently sincere; and Henry de Groux, whose pastels are coarse and histrionic.

Mr. Malcolm Milne's artistic psychology provides an intriguing complex. He is clearly in sympathy with modern æsthetics and anxious to contribute to contemporary developments of art. But he retains at the same time an obvious delight in luxury painting with its beautiful textures and fine surfaces, and its representation of things charming in themselves. He creates the impression of a cultivated man with a pretty taste in *objets d'art* who feels it his duty to lead the simple life. But in spite of this apparent conflict of inclination his pictures are attractive and almost convincing. They are earnest in purpose, in most cases admirable in execution, and in all cases quite free from fake. They reflect, it is true, mutually contradictory enthusiasms, but both enthusiasms are so evidently sincere that we cannot wish either eliminated. We await Mr. Milne's future development with interest.

Mr. Harry Morley is frankly traditional as an artist, but he derives from good masters. He looks back to the days before Turner when water-colour draughtsmen still recognized the beauty of their conventional craft. His technique, with its skilful exploitation of the tint of paper selected, is distinguished and intelligent, but the majority of his drawings would be improved by crisper and more positive definition in the fundamental line statement.

The late Mabel Nicholson's pictures are very like the pictures of her husband, but not so good, and very like the pictures of her son, but rather better.

Mr. Harrington Mann's portraits are vulgar.

R. H. W.

THE SILVER COINAGE OF CRETE: A METROLOGICAL NOTE. By George Macdonald, C.B. From the Proceedings of the British Academy, Vol. IX. (Milford. 4s. net.)—This paper should be taken as a model by all who embark on the determination of ancient coin-standards. Recent criticism has shown that the old-fashioned method of fixing Greek norms by reference to Oriental standards, our knowledge of which depends on a few weights, not always in the best state of preservation, must be radically modified. The weights of the existing coins must be the foundation of the study. If the results thence obtained do not square with the evidence of other existing weights or with theories of Babylonian metrology, they must not be trimmed to make them fit. Such theories, it is true, give exact results; but the truth is seldom exact. It is not merely that most coins have lost weight by circulation; most of them were not struck to so exact a weight as in modern times. We can probably never get at the Greek theoretical weight. All we can ascertain is the approximate limits with which the Greeks were satisfied in practice. It is misleading to take the highest extant weight; misleading also to take the average, which is affected by badly-worn or abnormally heavy specimens. We must find out what approximate weight is represented by the greatest number of extant specimens—find the top, in other words, of the "curve of frequency." This method has lately been coming into use in this country; but a recent work by the German Viedebantt is the only publication, except Mr. Macdonald's, in which it has been systematically employed. It is this feature which gives the little paper importance, over and above the results concerning Cretan coin-standards, useful and illuminating though these are in themselves.

G. F. H.

Music

THE BRITISH MUSIC SOCIETY

THE objects of the British Music Society, which was founded about a year ago and is holding its first Congress in London next week, may be most conveniently summed up in the single word co-ordination. It is working for the benefit of British music on much the same lines as the British Drama League is working for the theatre. It must not be supposed that the principal function of the society is to give concerts at which none but British music is performed. In 1911 there was held in London a congress of the now defunct International Musical Society. The London committee, being determined to show its foreign guests that England was just as musical as any other country, arranged a series of several concerts devoted solely to native works. It was, moreover, very properly anxious to be as broad-minded as possible, to avoid all suggestion of being associated with cliques, and to make its concerts representative of all styles and periods. The result may be imagined. The concerts were intolerably long and—with the exception of the concert of antique music and the chamber concert of the youngest composers—intolerably tedious. The one orchestral work which, as far as I could gather, made a real impression on musicians from abroad, was Parry's Variations in E minor, and in selecting this as the best they certainly showed a very excellent judgment. But to many English musicians the interminable procession of native music brought a sense not of pride but of shame. It was a painful if salutary experience. We learned then, if we did not know it before, that if we loved English music, it was our first duty to chasten it.

When the British Music Society was first started, I approached various musicians of my acquaintance with the suggestion that they should become members of it. I was almost invariably met with the reply: "Yes, no doubt it is a very admirable idea, but tell me frankly—if I join it, what do I get out of it? Will the Society perform my works or publish them for me?" The correct answer, I suppose, would have been for me to assume a serious demeanour and say: "You should join the British Music Society not for your own advantage, but in order to help others." Unfortunately my *esprit d'escalier* was not ready in time, and I found the question embarrassing. And indeed I fear that few composers would have found that answer at all persuasive. They have very sound business instincts in most cases.

The British Music Society has shown solid common-sense in concerning itself mainly with other things. British Music means to it a good deal more than pushing the prolixities of Victorian composers before the noses of an unwilling public. It has realized, too, from the start that our musical life is not confined to the London concert-halls. Its main activities will be very largely provincial. That this was the right policy to adopt has already been shown by the fact that a large number of provincial branches have been started and have set to work with a good deal more energy than London. The International Society in 1911 was able to draw upon plenty of money to spend. The British Music Society is at present bent upon collecting money rather than spending it. Its concerts therefore are few in number, and the most important feature of its Congress will undoubtedly be its discussions. These are going to be severely practical in character, and the first goes to the root of what is one of the greatest obstacles to musical progress in the whole country. The word "co-ordination" was never more appropriate than in this connection, for if a number of persons are to join in the performance of a piece of music, the first requirement is that they shall all play and sing at the same pitch. London

concert-goers hardly realize that the absence of a universal standard pitch is, in the provinces, a very serious difficulty. It is more than twenty-five years since the Philharmonic Society took what was in those days the very decisive and important step of abolishing the old high "concert pitch" and adopting officially the normal pitch which is now the standard of most London concerts. But outside London the average pitch has remained very much where it was before. The reason is entirely economic. It does not cost much to tune an ordinary pianoforte down to Philharmonic pitch; but the expense of standardizing the pitch of every organ throughout the churches, chapels and town halls of the Empire is a much more serious matter, for it involves in many cases drastic alterations, shifting of pipes and to some extent the providing of new ones. The number of organs which stand at the old high pitch is, I believe, not so very great; the trouble is that they stand at all sorts of pitches. When the difference in pitch can be reckoned in tempered semitones all that is necessary is for the organist to transpose his part; but complete anarchy in pitch means that most of the orchestral instruments cannot do more than roughly approximate to playing in tune.

But the more hardened reactionary has been not the Church, but the Army. The Philharmonic Society might express the pious hope that its excellent example would be universally followed, but military bands throughout the Army went on playing and still play at the old high pitch. The manufacturers of musical instruments have no choice but to conform to this practice. If the War Office had decreed in 1894 that every military band was to play at Philharmonic pitch, there would have been a loud outcry not only from the persons who had to bear the expense of providing a complete set of new instruments, but also from the manufacturers who would have found themselves left with large stocks of the old ones on their hands. Moreover, the second-hand shops would have been crowded out with the discarded high-pitch instruments, and as the majority of players, amateur and professional, begin their studies on a second-hand instrument which they can buy cheap, there would have been every probability that amateur bands and orchestras in the provinces, and in London too, would have been obliged to continue at the high pitch.

The military question is of enormous importance, for there are innumerable orchestras all over the country which depend on military assistance for their wind instruments at concerts. Apart from such institutions as the Royal Academy, the Royal College of Music and the analogous music schools in the large cities, the Army is the main source from which players of wind instruments receive their musical education. And the problem which the War Office could not bring itself to face a generation ago has now increased enormously in difficulty, owing partly to the greater demand for orchestral music all over the country and still more to the enormous increase in the cost of musical instruments. If the British Music Society can induce the joint efforts of Mr. Albert Coates and the Director of Kneller Hall to bring forth a solution of this problem, it will have been indeed the saviour of its country's music.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE TEACHING OF MUSIC. By Robert T. White, Mus. Doc. (Constable. 4s. net.)—This little volume should be of assistance to teachers. It does not profess to supplant existing manuals or to elaborate a detailed system of training; it is simply a series of suggestions as to the best methods of teaching music in High Schools, the principles on which the various classes should be graded, and the most profitable way of allocating the time to each respective branch of the subject without encroaching on the general curriculum. The suggestions are of a business-like nature, and so long as teachers do not expect to find in a text-book a substitute for a course of practical training, they can safely be recommended to devote a few hours to the consideration of Dr. White's remarks.

THE BACH FESTIVAL

IT is, of course, impossible to pack anything like a representative selection of Bach into four evenings; the Cantatas and the organ works alone (to name no others) could each provide material enough for twice that number of performances, and still leave all but the surface untouched. As regards the actual volume of work done, Dr. Allen did wonders with the time at his disposal, and to criticize his selection on the grounds of individual preference would serve no useful purpose. One might observe, however, that one of the chief objects of such a festival is to give the public an opportunity of hearing works it would not otherwise hear, and that works habitually found in the ordinary concert-giver's repertory should for this reason be excluded as far as practicable. The first of the four concerts will serve to illustrate this point. The programme as it stood was long—quite long enough to justify an abridgment of the "Æolus-Cantata" with which it concluded. But by omitting "My Heart Ever Faithful" and the Concerto for two violins, sufficient time could have been saved to admit of the Cantata being given in its entirety. Similarly on the Monday, the omission of the Chaconne (solely on the grounds of its familiarity; we are not here concerned to question its attractiveness as a piece of music) would have made it possible to enlarge the very inadequate selection of the organ works given during the festival.

Turning to the actual performances, one was most struck, perhaps, by the unusual rapidity of the *tempi* throughout. Up to a point this was a virtue; it lent a touch of brutality that served as a corrective to the rather woolly atmosphere of devotion that is often generated on these high occasions. But on the opening night we must say frankly that Dr. Allen allowed his anti-sentimentalism to run away with him; he set the pace so hot that on two occasions at least the soloists (the particular soloists concerned were Mr. Adams and Mr. Murray Davey) were left floundering helplessly. Mr. Adams had never shaped well to the work, but Mr. Davey's misunderstanding was very regrettable, as he had addressed himself to the task of bruising the serpent's head with the utmost gusto, and would obviously have made a thoroughly efficient job of it if he had been allowed a reasonable time to do it in. The best performance, on the whole, was that of the B minor Mass. Here the *tempi* were still as a rule on the fast side, but not unduly so, whilst the solo work was on a far higher level than on the first evening. Mr. Gervase Elwes sang more like himself than we have heard him do for some time past, whilst Miss Flora Mann and Miss Lillian Berger showed that the practice of madrigal-singing has developed in them an unusual instinct for clearness of phrasing and flexibility of rhythm, although Miss Mann's voice is of rather too light a character for solo work of this type.

We have purposely kept the choir to the end, because they were the mainstay of the festival. They have improved out of all recognition, and their peculiar strength lies just where it is most seldom found—in the altos, whose tone came through splendidly all the time, without ever becoming obtrusive. But the whole choir did well. Occasionally an entry lacked incisiveness, and the volume of their tone is not such as to get the maximum of effect from numbers like the final chorus and fugue in "Sing Ye to the Lord." But in quality of tone, in discipline, in the art of obtaining effects of contrast and climax by means of subtle dynamic adjustments, they showed themselves worthy of high praise, and nowhere were these qualities more in evidence than where they are most required—in the "Crucifixus" of the Mass. The present Bach Choir and its conductor deserve well of one another.

R. O. M.

CONCERTS

A NEW Spanish violinist, Mr. Manuel Quiroga, gave a recital on April 14. He commands a magnificent technique with a tone-quality that, though only moderate in power, is curiously penetrating. His sudden changes of *tempo*, especially in a concerto of Mozart, were bewildering, and seemed equally bewildering to Mme. Quiroga, who acted as his not very competent accompanist. In spite of this Mr. Quiroga's playing was always musicianly, and completely free from meretriciousness or false sentimentality. He played the slow movements of Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo" and Schumann's Romance in A with real feeling, while in Granados' intensely passionate Spanish Dance in E minor he maintained a dignified restraint that made it all the more expressive.

MISS FLORA WOODMAN, who gave a concert with the Albert Hall orchestra (under the direction of Mr. Landon Ronald) on April 21, is a young lady with a light soprano voice and a beaming smile. How far she is dowered with musical intelligence one could hardly judge, for her programme consisted mainly of light songs and operatic excerpts in which temperamental manifestations would have been out of place. All one can say is that she has been carefully trained, has some instinct for *coloratura*, and keeps passably (though by no means perfectly) in tune. She had the support of a large and enthusiastic ballad-concert audience, which listened in rapt silence to Grétry and Rossini, and chattered relentlessly throughout the orchestral pieces. This was unfortunate, as the orchestral items, which included the Overture to "Figaro," "L'Après-Midi," and Butterworth's "Shropshire Rhapsody," formed by far the most interesting part of the programme, and first-rate performances were given by Mr. Ronald.

THE chief impression carried away by us after hearing Miss Olga Haley's recital of modern English song, at the Steinway Hall, on April 22, was that of a sensible diminution of our patriotic enthusiasm. It was not Miss Haley's fault, for though there is no compelling magic about her, she is an intelligent and accomplished singer. And her programme looked interesting enough on paper; it contained most of the contemporary names that have made us what we are (whatever that may be) and several others besides. Also, it contained (as every recital programme should do) some four or five new songs. Yet (if one must be frank) there were not more than three or four at most out of the whole lot that one would ever wish to hear again, whilst the new compositions proved woefully undistinguished both in workmanship and idea. It is still, apparently, a difficult matter to form a satisfactory all-English song programme without calling the Elizabethan and Restoration periods to one's aid. As a matter of fact, our own songs usually sound best when there is a foreign admixture with which to contrast them, and this applies equally to foreign songs. It is well for singers to bear this tactical consideration in mind when building up their programmes.

THE recital given by Mr. Francis Buckley, at Wigmore Hall, on April 22; was a combination of real singing with music which was on the whole unfamiliar and interesting. Mr. Buckley has a light tenor voice of great range and beauty, with an ease of production which most singers might envy and certainly ought to cultivate. The programme began with two Bach arias with string quartet, and was followed by a group of Brahms songs which few members of the audience had heard before. Nowadays people listen to Brahms for his merits, not for his reputation; there should always be an audience for songs as fresh and as exquisitely sung as these. The English group was not so attractive as it might have been. The exception was Mr. Nicholas Gatty's "Away, away from men and towns," a song full of poetry, and one in which the words had really been set to music.

MR. ALBERT COATES is as yet hardly known in this country as a composer, and it was interesting to have him represented at the last of the London Chamber Concerts, on April 22, by two short pieces bearing the titles "Angelus" and "Lacrymosa." They were both reticent and expressive, with something of that thoughtful and introspective quality which is characteristic of the latest works of Liszt. Miss Myra Hess played them with exquisite delicacy.

Drama

SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD

TO enjoy a Shakespeare Festival at Stratford demands a more indomitable resolution of character than we possess. A Shakespeare Festival, alas! consists of a good many things besides Shakespeare, of hotels and weather and food and fellow-mortals. Moreover these variables have a way of obscuring the constant. Tempers are as much exacerbated by damp and lumpy beds as they are mollified by Shakespeare's poetry; and the resulting consciousness is not in the least festive. On the contrary.

If we have much to say in praise of the Shakespeare Company which is at present performing in the Memorial Theatre, it is not to be interpreted as an encouragement to any ordinarily fragile member of society to go there. He had far better wait until he can see the plays in comfort. Nothing could be more utterly alien to the genius of Shakespeare than the disciplinary purification of the flesh which is imposed on the Stratford playgoer in the first week of the festival. William himself would not have put up with it for a day. Bard of Avon, indeed! He would elect to be, what he is, the playwright of London; and the sooner the English nation realizes that the only place where a Shakespeare memorial theatre can fitly be is London, the better for everybody except the proprietors of the Stratford hotels.

There are things to see at Stratford: there is the grave and the bust. Better still, there is the exquisite grammar-school where (*pace* the legalists) Shakespeare *was* educated. But you do not need a festival in order to see them. A day is enough. Choose a fine one, slip away as quickly as you can; if you require a day of festivity wait for the Mop-fair. The affable familiar ghost of William may very likely be watching the gravy trickle from the spit to the gutter; he will assuredly never be found inside the New Place Museum with its assortment of colossal apocrypha. He might conceivably hover round the red-brick jubilee-style theatre: but his purpose would be arson.

No, if he were to be found anywhere in the festival it would be in the little hall of the coffee tavern where in the morning the actors of the company do that mysterious thing—"a run over for the words." There he would have found himself among friends. For, whatever we may have subsequently to put forward by way of criticism, the members of Mr. Bridges Adams' company are keen, and as far removed as Shakespeare himself from being precious. There is a nucleus which, with reasonable support from the public, may restore and strengthen a decent tradition of Shakespeare acting. Let there be two, three, four such companies; and every fair-sized town in England could have a month of Shakespeare every year, and London itself Shakespeare all the year round. We wish to assure Mr. Adams and every actor working with him of our sincere admiration for their common achievement; we leave it to them to decide whether our criticism is as helpful as it is intended to be.

We assume that they have definitely in view the creation of a tradition of Shakespeare acting. It is essential, we think, that the aim should be quite conscious. For consciousness in this matter imposes obligations that may be evaded or ignored if the tradition is allowed to create itself. First, in the matter of the text. The aim should be to give as much actual Shakespeare as is humanly possible. Mr. Adams has already worked heroically to this end. His realistic scenery is as simple as scenery of the kind can be; the shifting of it is less laborious, and involves much less delay than is generally the case. But

delay there is still. Precious time is lost; precious illusions are shattered. We believe it is a mistake to assume that the public insists on realistic scenery. If Mr. Adams had been present at the Phoenix Society's production of "The Fair Maid of the West" a month ago he would have seen how perfect an illusion can be created by a sufficiently adaptable single scene. That method would permit us to have more, if not the whole, of the text. We admit, however, that the whole may still be impossible. Cuts will have to be made. The ghost of the man who spent a good many hours of his life cutting his own and other people's plays would certainly not object on principle. The question is *how* to cut.

Mr. Adams and his company were rushed. They had not enough time for rehearsal. It is therefore a little unreasonable to assume that all the omissions which we noticed were deliberate; if, however, most of them were, we should say that there was a tendency to drop out some of the more exquisite poetry. We do not pretend to remember Shakespeare perfectly; but on more than one occasion in listening to a speech we had a queer, uncomfortable sensation of having been deprived of the key-words, of a half-appeal to the imagination having been substituted for a whole. And generally we found that lines of the purer poetry had been dropped. In the "Merchant of Venice" Arragon dropped (besides other things) "the fond multitude"

Which pries not to the interior, but like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall
Even in the force and road of casualty. . . .

More remarkable still, in "Richard II." John of Gaunt was allowed to drop, from the speech which every school-boy has to learn, the lines:

Renowned for their deeds as far from home—
For Christian service and true chivalry—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son.

We could choose many other like examples; we, therefore, incline to believe on examination that Mr. Adams has been engaged in paring rather than cutting Shakespeare. We understand the temptation. To shave off a little here, a little there, induces in a producer the comfortable feeling of giving more Shakespeare than his fellows. It does, in fact, enable him to give more scenes. But the paring method must be used with very great care. For ourselves, we should prefer a bold and openly-avowed cut. Still, if the paring is so contrived that we are not made uneasily aware of being deprived of something essential, we have no serious objection to offer. But we insist that the maximum of time must first be gained by a far more ruthless simplification of scenery. Mr. Adams may then cut or pare to get within that maximum; and we suggest he would do well to consult a few of the less pedantic literary critics on the matter. His position is full of responsibility; it would be only reasonable that he should devolve a little of it.

How far the actors themselves should be permitted to have a voice in deciding the question of the text depends upon the individual actor. There are actors in the company, one conspicuously, whose opinion on the matter would be well worth having; there are others (very often excellent actors) who obviously can only be made to learn and remember. But we are convinced that the general question needs more consideration in detail than Mr. Adams has yet been able to devote to it.

The question of the text leads directly to that of the conception of the various characters, for in one case at least the cutting has been done in order to justify a conception of character which is in patent opposition to that which arises from the undoctored text. The question of character, in turn, leads swiftly to the consideration of

the more outstanding actors, for an actor of great gifts is beyond the control of any director. Such an actor can set the precise emotional key of his rendering at will, even though he is outwardly obedient to direction. Thus he may contribute as much to the forming of a tradition of Shakespeare-acting as the director himself; he may give more. Beyond a certain point to which keen and obedient competence may attain, the subtleties of interpretation depend upon the amount of insight possessed by the director and the actor. If the actor's perceptions are more exquisite, he will carry the day, and shape the tradition.

(To be concluded.)

THAT HUMAN TOUCH

KENNINGTON THEATRE.—"Ned Kean of Old Drury." By Arthur Shirley.

THERE is an uninterrupted break in the voice; it lasts through three acts and well on into the third scene of the fourth. *The Times* declares that Kean's success was due to "the human touch." A great many things have since been due to its introduction into British art, letters and theatricals. *The Morning Post* says that the play is based on the "healthy relations of life," and only those who occasionally examine the *Morning Post* can gather the full aroma of this pronouncement.

Despite these misfortunes and an incomparable array of linguistic clichés, Mr. Saintsbury, at the end of the third act, sweeps his audience off its feet or its seats, or whatever else one is supposed to say an audience is swept off, when an actor manages to disperse the little clots of egocentric inspectiveness and impose a single emotion on his auditors.

Le roman historique. Il y a aussi la peinture historique, l'architecture historique, et, à la mi-carême, le costume historique. The trouble with the catch-in-the-voice stage manner, the raw emotion, the soft music, the highest conceivable virtues, demarked utterly from the antipodal blackness in this play, is not, at bottom, that life isn't just as raw, or that the emotions do not occur; it lies in what is perhaps a misconception of scale, and a misconception of Elizabethan fashions. We repeat that the painted phrase, the "multitudinous seas incarnadine," was to the Elizabethan era what an epigram was to "the nineties." It was a society fashion that spread. Yet Launce does not parley Euphues to his dog.

The transition, or rather the lack of transition, from quoted Shakespeare to the swinging and florid iambs which Mr. Shirley has put in the mouth of the landlady detracts from the full effect of "Ned Kean." Historic research would indeed have been needed to present the era of "Classic" stage tradition when, possibly, actors tried to talk like Greek Gods, as the eighteenth century had conceived them. In 1813 people may have talked as Mrs. Barbauld wrote, but we somewhat doubt it. To "reproduce" the early days of romanticism and Rousseauism, all that is done in this play is to relapse into slightly demodé manners of speech and of speaking, into eloquence and floridity, and to make them a shade more plausible by choosing, in the first place, an actor of 1813, and, in the second, by presenting him tipsy.

In "Trelawny of the Wells" we had a closer-knit argument for plays and stage presentations which "remind one of someone," i.e., someone living. Mr. Shirley's people remind one chiefly of people on stages, as the scenery reminds one of hunting prints and of Christmas cards. On the other hand, the piece is well designed to display Mr. Saintsbury's varied assortment of capacities;

one wonders whether he has been born a generation too late, and if he would not have been received as a great actor in the sixties of the last century. He is indubitably an actor of parts, and one can scarcely register an adverse judgment on people while they are being constrained to say "Under the Devonshire daisies" and other phrases of that timbre and donation.

POLITICS

AMBASSADORS THEATRE.—"The Grain of Mustard Seed." By H. M. Harwood.

MR. HARWOOD and his actresses produce a certain atmosphere in the opening scene of his play; Mr. Kerr, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Gill, and Mr. Caine are convincing in their divers rôles of Rt. Hon. Lord Markham, M.P., election agent, rural individualist, and chauffeur; and there are several dozen good hits and well-turned phrases. The hero ascends from infant's food into politics, and again we find the paraphernalia of a problem play, although Mr. Harwood is almost as chary of coming to grips with the problem as is the gently satirized Lord Markham. The author goes so far as to allow his hero to say something rather vague about decentralization and to indicate finance as the root of the question. Possibly no more technical or incisive modus would be stageable in the present state of the theatre.

As a play of manners, the male part of the piece is entertaining, the leading feminine element raises doubts. The little sermons and disquisitions are damaging.

TOUCH

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—"Mary Rose." By Sir J. M. Barrie

THE human touch at the Kennington is by no means so touching as Sir J. M. Barrie's touch at the Haymarket. Indubitably Mr. Thesiger and Mr. Loraine and Miss Compton, and indeed all the cast, act extremely well, and there is considerable cleverness interspersed in the play, which is, on the whole, a fine example of what is wrong with the English stage. In perspective "Ned Kean" appears an earnest if somewhat florid and unsophisticated attempt to present the reality of grief, struggle, poverty; "The Grain of Mustard Seed" leaves a memory of dry, clean humour; "Mary Rose" leaves the feeling that the pudding and soup have been served simultaneously in the same plate. It is an argument for the "classic" belief that the matter of poetic tragedy should not be dished up in sentimental-comedy clothes. Pudding good in its way; soup good in its way; and Sir James quite amusing, only he should leave folk-lore to Mr. Yeats, and tragedy to some writer who has a trace of austerity.

"Nec puerilia propter sui simplicitatem, ut *mamma* et *babbo*, *male* et *pate*," wrote an estimable poet in the old days. Sir James will talk baby-talk, and, of course, a great many people like it. A writer, who must be near the great heart of a West-End audience, says the play is "Peter Pan grown up," "Barrie at his best," "and that means great achievement." With the first two statements we agree; the third we must take as an indication of the state of public criterion. Part of the tedium is due to parenthetic construction, but admirers of Sir James will readily pardon this, in return for Mr. Thesiger's acting of Cameron, and for Mr. Forbes', Mary Jerrold's and Mr. Whitby's realization of Victorian atmosphere. It is a "sweet" and "lovely" play, and the effect of the cinema on Georg Kaiser has probably been more salutary than its effect upon Sir James Barrie.

T. J. V.

A REVERSION TO STEREOTYPE

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.—"The Little Whopper" (Musical Comedy).

OTHER times, not necessarily other manners. . . The attempted resuscitation of musical comedy proceeds apace, mainly by the labour of Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard. Had the titles of recent productions been "The Silver Slipper" and "Florodora" instead of "Kissing Time" and "The Little Whopper," we could imagine with no difficulty at all that we were returned to the days, the very palmy days, belonging to Tom B. Davis and George Edwardes, of blissful and apparently irresistible memory. And this is exactly as it ought to be. For, like every other hybrid form of stage development, musical comedy has its distinct audience that, as recent experiments have proved, does not accept any digression or advancement from the afore-mentioned specimens of a previous decade. There is to be the same pretence at a plot which doesn't matter; the same energetic, and often pathetic, effort on the part of the several principals to behave as if they enjoyed performing together when their chief motive all the time is to shine separately—gaining a personal advantage over the rest and in their absence by breaking into song on the slightest provocation; the same bright and vociferous chorus that may be contributing usefully to the general bustling effect, but whose individual gestures will not withstand a moment's examination; and, what is perhaps the major distinction of musical comedy, the same tremendous diligence for three hours on the part of everybody to make the comedy as unmusical as might be. If any novelty should chance to intrude upon such a stereotyped entertainment, it is not in the form, but in the byplay of the principal and therefore slightly privileged comedian. "The Little Whopper" is made distinctive by one original feature alone—and one that deservedly distinguishes it. The leading, and, as it happens, the only comedian is a sentimental valet whose secret failing is the writing of songs and the setting of them to music. One of these is introduced at the beginning of the piece in very burlesque fashion, but gradually its nature changes, and by the end of the performance it has become the musical number on which the whole love interest depends. The idea is delightfully introduced and developed by Mr. Davy Burnaby, who makes a droll valet, and with whom the honours of the evening are shared by the very hardworking Miss Lily St. John. If everyone concerned in the production is capable—and of this there is no doubt whatever—especially so are these two latest in the constellation of stars whose centre was the old Gaiety and whose orbit has since extended all round the town.

MISS CHAPLIN'S DANCES AT THE OLD VIC

THERE was a fine leap through time at the Old Vic on the first Tuesday of its Shakespearian festival. Miss Nellie Chaplin once again revived the old dances which, with a discrimination that is in itself an art, she has selected from the collection of over seven hundred examples published in the seventeenth century by John Playford. The charm of the rendering by the Chaplin Trio and their assistants is not merely historical; there is a direct poetic appeal in nearly every dance, and certainly in the well-chosen and wistfully atmospheric music that accompanies them—the appeal, we may add that characterizes the dancing itself. It is indeed rarely that our modern dancers can set forth such a long series of beautiful movements with the purpose of showing what they themselves like in them, and yet be able to give an

authentic stamp to each of their presentments. That there is a powerful element of personality in simple taste was shown by such amusing and dainty affairs as "The Merry Conceit" and "Kettledrum," and it was interesting to note how since the harmonic sense has outrun the melodic and rhythmic sense in dance music the individualities of dancers have merged until elasticity has become more or less impossible. We cannot doubt, all the same, that were present-day conventionalists to turn their interest in the direction of these pavanés, galliards, and minuets, so rich in scope as they still remain, we should find a swift recovery of the old silken flexibility. We might, in truth, detect such a desirable and much-needed quality quite often, even as things are, as it is definitely to be found in our unsophisticated, unspoiled children dancing to the hurdy-gurdy at the pavement-edge, if we could take our dancers unaware.

T. M.

Correspondence

LORD ACTON AND LIBERTY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The reviewer of Mr. Fisher's essays states (April 16, p. 510) that "it is difficult . . . to decide what exactly Lord Acton meant by liberty." The "difficulty" is that of turning to p. 3 of "The History of Freedom, and other Essays," where Lord Acton writes:

By liberty I mean the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion. The State is competent to assign duties and draw the line between good and evil only in its immediate sphere. Beyond the limit of things necessary for its well-being, it can only give indirect help to fight the battle of life by promoting the influences which prevail against temptation—religion, education, and the distribution of wealth. In ancient times the State absorbed authorities not its own, and intruded on the domain of personal freedom. In the Middle Ages it possessed too little authority, and suffered others to intrude. Modern States fall habitually into both excesses.

Yours faithfully,

G. E. FASNACHT.

The Hollies, Clayton Bridge, Manchester,
April 17, 1920.

[Our reviewer writes: "Lord Acton's definition of liberty, as set forth by Mr. G. E. Fasnacht, to whom I am much obliged for calling my attention to it, is oracular, but does not advance matters much. It is really a counsel of perfection, since the conscientious objector is to have free play, but 'authority' is at the same time to hold its own in certain spheres, including the distribution of wealth. Now the distribution of wealth by taxation can obviously act unjustly on individuals. Are they to be 'protected' in their resistance? and if so, where is it all to end? Lord Acton was at heart a strong individualist, but, conscious of the complexities of modern life, he shrank from pushing his conclusions to their extremity.—LL. S."]

SHAKESPEARE'S WELSH CHARACTERS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—It is hardly necessary to refer, as does Mr. J. Logie Robertson in his article "Scottish Dialect in Early English Literature" (ATHENÆUM, April 16), to Shakespeare's Warwickshire home (not, after all, very near Wales) in order to account for his familiarity with Welsh character and Welshmen's English. There were many Welshmen in London during Elizabeth's reign; one or two Welsh poets—I mean poets who wrote in Welsh—spent much time there; and references to Welshmen, even bits of Welsh speech, are not uncommon in the Elizabethan drama. There seem even, if we may judge by names, to have been several Welshmen among the actors of the time. Scotsmen too were numerous after James I.'s accession, but were presumably not so plentiful when Shakespeare was writing "Henry V."

The point is not perhaps very important; but it is as well not to indulge in fanciful conjectures about Shakespeare's

boyish experiences when the facts can easily be accounted for by less hazardous means.

I am, etc.,

H. IDRIS BELL.

EDWARD DE VERE AND SHAKESPEARE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct a misrepresentation of the contents of my work, "Shakespeare Identified," which appeared in your issue for April 16?

On his own admission, he [Mr. Looney] merely recapitulates the negative arguments of the Baconians.

My pages contain no such admission; and no Baconian would, I think, venture to make such a claim upon my anti-Stratfordian arguments. Indeed, several of these arguments cut almost as deeply into the Baconian theory as into the Stratfordian. Others are based upon an orthodox work which had just been published. I give many facts which I have certainly never met with in any Baconian literature, whilst facts which Baconians have previously pointed out, I have analysed and correlated in quite a different way. And in matters of evidence the whole of the point of an argument may depend upon these interpretative processes.

The reason advanced for THE ATHENÆUM's attitude to my work I take to be this: because, in the reviewer's opinion, the Baconians have not proved that Shakespeare did not write the plays, my work was not entitled to be examined and exactly represented, but only to be derided.

It is common knowledge that many well-known men, who are no Baconians, have expressed publicly their disbelief in the orthodox views, and even Stratfordians have felt the weakness of their position, to which they have clung sometimes, no doubt, for want of a better hypothesis to replace the old one. Now that a theory has been advanced which opponents have acknowledged generally to be the most plausible alternative yet presented, it is surely not in the best interests of our national literature that such a theory should be cavalierly brushed aside.

J. THOMAS LOONEY.

THE FIRST FOLIO POEM INITIALLED "I. M."

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I beg leave to report in your columns, with regard to the arguable traces of sub-surface signalling in the prefatory matter of the First Folio described by me in the issues of your journal for February 6 and March 5, that I have received communications thereanent from Sir Sidney Lee, Sir I. Gollancz, Dr. W. L. Courtney, and four other well-known Shakespearians, but no challenge of the coincidences put forward for consideration.

Perhaps, too, you will allow me to seize the opportunity to give particulars of an as yet untabled coincidence which quite clearly should be taken into account at the same time.

I have shown, Sir, that there exist in I. M.'s poem traces of signalling both by the word numerical values as such, and also by the digit addition totals or cross sums of the word numerical values. But without question the more important section of the described discoveries has been the digital section, while both sections have been based upon the words and values corresponding to the squares of half a chess-board.

I have hitherto assumed that experiment with the words and values corresponding to the squares of half a chess-board is, on my supposition that that sub-surface signalling more or less associated with chess-board mathematics may have been arranged in this poem of chess-board depth placed next before the only Shakespearean play mentioning the game of Chess, sufficiently indicated by the fact that some of the eight lines contain less than eight words. There is very strong supplemental reason for so thinking in the fact that the digit addition total or cross sum of the positional numbers of the squares forming half a chess-board, 1 to 32, is 177—the equivalent of the poet's publication name William Shakespeare according to the positional or A = 1 to Z = 24 letter-number code, and one of the two factors in the digital colour-of-square duplication coincidence described by me.

Respectfully yours,

J. DENHAM PARSONS.

Ravenswood,
45, Sutton Court Road,
Chiswick.

Foreign Literature

THE PILGRIMAGE OF PEACE

HISTOIRE DE L'INTERNATIONALISME. Par Christian L. Lange.—
Tome I. JUSQU'À LA PAIX DE WESTPHALIE. "Publications
de l'Institut Nobel Norvégien," Tome IV. (Paris, Alcan.)

AT the close of the third century A.D. the Emperor Aurelius Probus remarked: "In a short time we shall not want any more soldiers." On which a contemporary author comments: "No more Roman soldiers! Everywhere the State will rule, everywhere be secure. The world will cease to manufacture armaments and furnish supplies. The ox will be kept at the plough, the horse be bred for peace. There will be no wars, no prisoners, but everywhere peace, everywhere the law and justice of Rome." A century or so later Rome fell to the Goths, and for more than a millennium peace was a precarious episode in a world dedicated, by necessity and by choice, to war.

The causes of that long-drawn catastrophe were specific, and not such as are likely to recur. Overpopulation, climatic change, or other events of which we are imperfectly informed, set armed tribes on the march in search of new homes. One displacing another involved the whole mass in motion, and the waves of that human sea beat incessantly on the frontiers of the empire. A breach was made, first here, then there, closed, burst open again, until at last the waters flowed in irresistible. During the long process of settling down that followed freemen were converted into vassals or serfs, heads of tribes into kings, and men pasturing or hunting, and fighting only by the way, into men whose only object and ideal was war. Feudalism took the place of the Roman State; and feudalism meant the consecration of the soldier's life. Warriors were now a professional class; and if there had been no occasions for war they would have had to make them, for otherwise they would have had no vocation at all. The brute fact was thus converted into an ideal, and the European spirit inoculated with that romanticism of war from which, even now, we have hardly begun to free ourselves.

At last the feudal anarchy subsided, and the world we know began to emerge. But it was a world not, like the Roman, of one State, but of many. And war now received a new meaning. The mask in which it clothed its savage countenance was not now loyalty, but, first, dynastic interest, then patriotism. The necessity for war had passed, but the bad habit persisted, and where once wandering tribes had sought subsistence and adventure, kings and nations sought territory and power. The memory of the Roman unity, symbolized so long by Emperor and Pope, ceased to haunt even the dreams of men, and the Peace of Westphalia formally affirmed a world of competing States related only by war.

Through all these troubled centuries—looming so large in our perspective, yet, in fact, forming so brief an episode in the life of Man—reason and speculation did not cease, like a lighthouse in a storm, to twinkle and blink upon the tumultuous darkness. In the earlier period it is the Christian Church that handles the problem of war. Primitive Christians had condemned it, and many of them had refused military service. But by becoming an institution in the world, the Church had become its accomplice. War indeed, like slavery, it condemned in principle; for man unfallen did not fight. But with sin came war into the world, and evil though it be, it may be a means to good. After all, like everything else, it is the will of God, and may be regarded as a revelation of His Providence. To Dante, for instance, the history of Rome is one long ordeal by battle, and her victories the proof of the justice of her cause. The view outlives

the Middle Ages, and finds in Carlyle and Treitschke its latest, if not its last exponents. The illusion that the cause that triumphs must be just dies hard. But if justice can and does triumph in war, then there must be just wars; and that there are, is an almost universally accepted axiom, down to our own time. It is, indeed, occasionally admitted that each party always thinks its own cause just. "It is the nature of war," says Alberico Gentile, "that each side shall pretend that its cause is just. That is due to the weakness of our human nature." But it is thought that there are objective tests of justice. They are the same as those about which our polemics still turn. A "defensive" war is just. But then, when is a war defensive? For it is seen that an apparently aggressive war may really be "preventive." A further definition therefore is suggested. The proof that a belligerent's cause is just must be supplied by his readiness, before having recourse to arms, to submit the issue to arbitration. The idea is already in Dante: "When it is a question of war all means should first be tried in the way of award, and only in the last resort should the way of battle be tried." In the Middle Ages there was in existence a world-authority that might have taken over this function of award; and mediæval writers love to dwell on the cases where Popes have acted as judges between princes. But that recourse was always precarious; and the dissolution of Christendom made impossible.

The idea of a preliminary arbitration indicates, nevertheless, the right road. The problem of war is political, not ethical or religious. Men fight originally not about right or wrong, but about food and drink and women. They begin to steal because it is the only way of getting what they want, and they go on stealing because they prefer it to working. This is the fundamental fact, and it underlies all the later veneer of idealism. The feudal warrior fought, first and foremost, because he lived by fighting, and would lose his position and his livelihood if fighting ceased. On that foundation rested the whole edifice of chivalry. The Crusades were not really wars for religion. The Holy Places merely supplied an excuse for an activity which would have expended itself otherwise in secular wars in Europe. And right down to our own time, behind all the talk and pretence, the real cause and object of war is theft. If any one doubts this let him look through the long series of treaties that have concluded wars for the last three centuries. He will find that they are all concerned with taking away territory from one State and transferring it to another. And he will find no exception in that respect in the treaties just concluded, after a war professing to be nothing but a war for Right.

Is there then no foundation for the idealism that has become associated with war? Not altogether so. For whatever be the object of a war, however grossly material, yet, for any nation, defeat in war will mean, or will seem to mean, a threat to its own national tradition. There is, perhaps, much illusion about this, for, in the things that matter to civilization, the conquered has often defeated the conqueror—as Greece did Rome. Still, this rally to the defence of the national tradition will never seem ignoble. It must be remembered, however, that the nobility is equal in the citizens on both sides, for however the war started, and whoever was technically the aggressor, defeat will have the same consequences to the defeated. It may be said, then, that whatever the real purpose of a war (and that, we insist, is always loot and power) the citizens fighting it are, to their own minds, always fighting in a holy cause. In one sense they are deceived, in another not. And in no case are they hypocrites. The situation, none the less, and indeed all the more, is terrible, to all save those (surely a diminishing number!) who judge war to be a good thing in itself. There is no way out, except

to end the general condition in which one State or another can think it worth while to be an aggressor, and all must, therefore, always fear aggression. What is required to end that is a recognized tribunal to which States first can, next will, last must, submit their disputes, recourse to force being arrested until that tribunal has decided.

There is the key to the problem. And in the long list of thinkers and writers on war and peace one or two stand out in relief who have firmly grasped it. Of these the most interesting included in our author's survey is Emeric de Crucé (born 1590). Like the other "humanists" of his time, he recalls men to their humanity:

Many find their triumph in explaining the mysteries of religion and proving them by irreproachable authority against unbelievers. That is good. But before all things it is necessary to uproot that vice which is the most common of all and the root of the rest, viz., Inhumanity.

Of that inhumanity, war is the crowning example and proof. With unusual perspicacity the author proceeds to analyse its causes and to unravel the tangle of sophistries in which they are disguised. Others, however, have done that, though few so ably. Crucé's originality is in his proposals for the maintenance of peace. He sketches an "assembly" (the very word used in the Covenant of the League of Nations) in which should meet the ambassadors of all the States of the world, not only Christian, but Pagan, China, Prester John, Persia, Japan, Morocco, and the Great Mogul. This assembly is to be a "sort of permanent council of supervision and pacification." It "will decide disputes about precedence and all other subjects, maintain good understanding among the members, anticipate quarrels and adjust them, peaceably if possible, but if not, by force." The last phrase implies a sanction. And it is Crucé's idea that if any of the parties refuses to submit to the decision of the majority, the rest should join with the party that does submit to coerce the recalcitrant member.

The general idea that underlies the Covenant is here clearly expressed, though Crucé would apparently have gone further than the Covenant in the way of coercion. That, however, is a matter of detail. The point is that he saw clearly that the remedy for war must be political, since its causes are political. States, like individuals, will aggress, if they can aggress with impunity. But it is the common interest of them all to put an end to the impunity. At last, after centuries of experience, they have learned that lesson and have formally embodied its teaching in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

From Dr. Lange's admirable survey of a millennium of history and thought a reader may draw, according to his temperament or his mood, encouragement or the reverse. So long, he may say and feel, men have seen the evil of war, discussed its causes, and proposed remedies. And now, look out on Europe! Yes! The mills of God grind slowly; and it is at rare moments that the saving idea coincides with the moment at which its realization is possible. But much has happened during the three centuries that have elapsed since Crucé published his book. In particular, the last century and a half have wrought changes to which there is nothing comparable in the long and vanishing past. Man has discovered science, and by its aid has unified the world materially and economically. The fact is palpable at this moment, just because we have tried to ignore it. All States are perishing because some have tried to destroy others. In this state of the world our political anarchy is a clear anachronism. The moment for the idea has arrived. That is why it has forced its way into life, against all unbelievers. That is why it may be destined to triumph—now, though never before.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

TOLSTOY AND GORKY

REMINISCENCES OF LEO TOLSTOY. By Maxim Gorky. (Petersburg, Z. J. Grzhebin.)

AFTER more than two years of Russia's spiritual and intellectual isolation, the first Russian literary work published recently which has reached us in this country is Maxim Gorky's "Reminiscences of Leo Tolstoy."*

The book consists mainly of notes and impressions written down by Maxim Gorky during his stay in the Crimea in 1900, whilst Tolstoy was living in the neighbourhood, at first seriously ill and then after his convalescence. Anton Tchekhov also at that period lived near by in Yalta. Gorky saw a great deal of Tolstoy, paying him frequent visits, and Tolstoy used to visit Gorky. The book also contains a very long letter of over thirty pages written by Gorky in Italy in 1910, during his banishment, on the occasion of Tolstoy's "leaving his house," and his death. "I publish this letter," Gorky says in the preface, "without correcting a single word in it, just as I wrote it then. Nor do I finish it now; this, somehow, cannot be done."

Perhaps the following passage from his letter will make it clear why Gorky, after Russia's eventful years since Tolstoy's death till the end of 1919, could not finish his letter:

He talked to me many times and at length; when he lived at Gaspra I used often to come to him, he also visited me readily; his books I read attentively and lovingly, so I believe I have the right to say what I think of him, even though it be bold and widely differing from the general attitude to him. I am aware no less than others that there is no man more worthy of the name of genius, more complicated, more contradictory and—more beautiful in everything; yes, yes, in everything. Beautiful in some exceptional sense, wide, not to be grasped by words—there is in him a something which always aroused in me the desire to cry out to all and everybody: Look what a wonderful man lives on earth! For he is overwhelmingly, and above all, a man of mankind.

But what always repelled me from him was his stubborn, despotic tendency to turn the life of Count Leo Nicolayevitch Tolstoy into "the saintly life of our blessed father, boyard Leo." You know he long intended to "suffer." To Yevgueni Soloviev, to Sulerzhitsky he expressed his regret that he had not achieved it. But he wished to suffer, not simply, not out of a natural desire to test the resilience of his will—but with the obvious and, I repeat, despotic intention of enhancing the weight of his religious ideas, the pressure of his teaching, to make his gospel irresistible, to sanctify it in the eyes of men by his suffering and to make them accept it, you understand, to make them. For he knows that that gospel is not sufficiently convincing; in his diary you will, in time to come, find good instances of scepticism, applied by himself to his teaching and his personality. He knows that "Martyrs and sufferers with rare exceptions are but despots and tyrants," he knows everything! And yet he says: "Were I to suffer for my ideas, they would produce a different impression." This always repelled me from him, for I cannot help feeling in this an attempt to do violence to me, a desire to take hold of my conscience, to blind it with the glow of righteous blood, to put the yoke of dogma on my neck.

He always exalted immortality on the other side, but he liked it better on this side. A writer national in the truest and most universal sense, he bodied forth in his giant soul all the defects of the nation. His misty preaching of "non-activity," of "non-resistance to evil"—the preaching of passivity,—this is all the unwholesome fermentation of the old Russian blood, poisoned by Mongolian fatalism and, as it were, chemically hostile to the West with its untiring creative work, with its indomitable active resistance to the evil of life. What is called "Tolstoy's anarchism" is essentially the expression of our Slav anti-state-ism, again a truly national trait, a disposition to dispersion filtered into our flesh in the olden time. Until this day we have passionately indulged that disposition, as you and everyone are aware. We are aware, but we disperse, and always on the lines of least resistance; we see that this is pernicious, but crawl still further away from each other; and these mournful, cockroach journeys are called "the history of Russia," of a country which was much rather built up accidentally, purely mechanically, to the surprise of the majority of its honestly thinking citizens—by the forces of the Variags, Tartars, Baltic Germans and petty constables. To our surprise (I repeat), for we continued to

* An authorized English translation of this book, under the same title, will be published shortly in this country by the Hogarth Press, Richmond.

"disperse," and only when we reached places where we could not be worse and there was no possibility of going further—well, then we settled down. Such, therefore, is our lot, such is our destiny that we were doomed to sit down in the snows and in the marshes, in the neighbourhood of the wild Erza, Tchoud, Meray, Vess and Muroma. But there have appeared men who have realized that the light is to come to us not from the East, but from the West; and now Tolstoy, the accomplisher of our old history, wishes—consciously or unconsciously—to lie down like a high mountain across the path of our nation towards Europe, towards an active life, which strictly demands from man the maximum tension of all his spiritual energies. His attitude to exact science is also surely national—in him is excellently reflected the old parochial Russian scepticism of ignorance. In him everything is national, and all his preaching is a reaction to the past, an atavism, which we had already begun to shake off, to overcome.

This passage clearly shows the diametrically opposite attitudes of Tolstoy and Gorky to Russia's historical destinies, and her future social and political evolution.

In another passage Gorky speaks of his reason for writing down his notes on Tolstoy:

I watched Tolstoy closely, because I have been looking, am looking and shall look till my death for a man of a living, active faith. And also because Anton Tchekhov, speaking of our lack of culture, once complained: "Every word of Goethe's has been recorded, and Tolstoy's thoughts are being lost in the air. This, my dear fellow, is intolerably Russian. They will pay attention afterwards, will begin to write reminiscences and—tell lies" . . .

Gorky elsewhere characterizes the "disciples" of Tolstoy:

It was strange to see Leo Nicolayevitch amongst "Tolstoyans." There stands a majestic bell-tower, and its bell sounds incessantly over the whole world, and round about it are running tiny, cautious dogs, whining at the bell and mistrustfully looking askance at each other, as if to ask who whines best. It always seemed to me that these people had impregnated Yasnaya Polyana, as well as Countess Panin's house, through and through with the spirit of hypocrisy, cowardice, petty dealing and legacy-hunting. In the "Tolstoyans" there is something in common with the friars, who wander to and fro across the dark places of Russia, carrying with them dogs' bones, which they offer as relics and sell with "The darkness of Egypt" and Our Lady's "little tears." I remember how one of these apostles, while in Yasnaya Polyana, refused to eat eggs so as not to wrong the hens; at Tula railway station he ate meat with a relish and said: "The old fellow does exaggerate!" Nearly all of them love moaning, kissing each other; all have boneless hands and lying eyes. And at the same time they are practical people, they manage their earthly affairs very adroitly.

Of Tolstoy's attitude to literature and writers Gorky says:

He speaks of God, of the peasants and of women more than anything else. About literature, rarely and scantily, as if literature was a thing foreign to him . . . It always seemed to me, and I think I am not mistaken, that Leo Nicolayevitch did not like speaking about literature very much, but was vitally interested in the personality of the writer. The questions: "Do you know him? What is he like? Where does he come from?" I heard him ask very often. And nearly always his opinion showed a writer from some unexpected side.

Here is Gorky's description of Tolstoy and Tchekhov together:

Tchekhov he loves paternally; in that love is felt the pride of a creator . . . He loved Tchekhov, and always, looking at him, he as it were stroked Anton Pavlovitch's face with his glance, almost tender at that moment. Once Anton Pavlovitch walked on the lawn of the park with Alexandra Lvovna, Tolstoy's daughter, and Tolstoy, still ill at that time, sitting in a chair on the terrace, seemed to strain his whole being towards them, saying in an undertone: "Ah, what a lovely, what a beautiful man: modest, quiet, like a girl! And he walks like a girl. He is simply wonderful!"

Gorky's account of Tolstoy's attitude to Dostoevsky is deeply interesting:

Tolstoy said about Dostoevsky: "Dostoevsky wrote about one of his mad characters that the character lived, taking revenge on himself and on others, because he had served a cause in which he did not believe." He wrote that about himself: I mean he could have said the same thing of himself.

In another passage Gorky says:

Of Dostoevsky he spoke reluctantly, with constraint, as if avoiding something, overcoming something.

"He ought" (Tolstoy said) "to have made himself acquainted with the teaching of Confucius or the Buddhists: this would have set him at rest. This is the chief thing for everyone to know. He was a man of riotous flesh—when he got angry bumps would rise on his bald head, and he would move his ears. He felt a great deal, but thought poorly. It is from the Fourierists, from Butashevitch, that he learned to think. And then he hated them all his life long. There was something Jewish in his blood. He was diffident, ambitious, heavy and unhappy. It's strange that he is so much read, I can't make out why. It is painful [to read him] and useless, because all these Idiots, Raw Youths, Raskolnikovs and the rest—they were not like that, it is all simpler, clearer." . . .

Gorky gives several instances of Tolstoy's attitude to women.

In my opinion [says G.] Tolstoy regards woman with irreconcilable hostility, and he loves to punish her—if she is not a Kitty nor a Natasha Rostovzev, if she is not a creature not sufficiently limited. Is it the hostility of a male who has not succeeded in getting as much happiness as he could out of life, or is it a hostility of the spirit against the "degrading impulses of the flesh"? But still it is hostility, and as cold as in Anna Karenin.

Gorky records the following words of Tolstoy:

In her body a woman is sincerer than man, but her thoughts are lying. But when she lies, she does not believe herself, and when Rousseau lied, he did believe himself.

When Tolstoy wanted to [continues Gorky] he would become exceptionally susceptible, sensitive, tender, his speech would become charmingly simple, elegant, but at times it was painful and unpleasant to listen to him. I always disliked his opinions of women—in this he was beyond measure "simple-folkish," and there was something artificial in his words, something insincere, and at the same time very personal. Exactly as if he had once been offended and could neither forget nor forgive . . .

Anton Tchekhov, Sulerzhitsky, Serguey Lvovitch [Tolstoy's son] and someone else, sitting in the park, spoke of women. Tolstoy listened for a long time in silence, and then suddenly said: "And I will tell the truth about women, when I have one foot in my grave. I will tell it, jump into the coffin, cover myself with the coffin lid—call me then to account!"

And what is Gorky's attitude to Tolstoy?

I do not know if I loved him, but does that matter—love or hatred of him? He always aroused enormous, fantastic sensations and agitations in my soul; even the unpleasant and hostile sensations evoked assumed forms that did not oppress, but as it were exploded the soul, widened it, made it more sensitive and capacious.

In another passage Gorky says:

I, who do not believe in God, look at Tolstoy somehow very warily, somewhat timidly; I look at him and think, "This man is God-like!"

Recording a meeting with Tolstoy in 1900, Gorky says:

I can't express in words what I felt, not thought, at that moment; there was ecstasy in my soul and awe, and then all suffused in one happy thought: "I am not an orphan on earth so long as this man lives on it!"

S. KOTELIANSKY.

THE GOOD TALKER IN PRINT

LE BOL DE CHINE; OU, DIVAGATIONS SUR LES BEAUX-ARTS. Par Pierre Mille. (Paris, Crès. 3fr. 75.)

THERE are three main kinds of essays: the literary essay written for all time, the journalistic essay written for the day, and the essay which should never have been written. M. Pierre Mille's "Divagations" belong to the third class, by which we do not of course imply that these essays from the pen of the talented journalist who created Barnavaux and gave us "Nasr' Eddine et son épouse" are devoid of interest or merit, but merely that the thought behind them is too fragmentary and tentative to justify transcription to the printed page. They belong more to the sphere of conversation than of letters. The good talker is the man who can throw an idea into the centre of the room and induce the assembled company to play football with it. If he can contrive to kick off with a laugh, so much the better. It is no part of his duty to work out a theory, to analyse or develop an idea. His function is essentially to stimulate. As such he is a boon to society, and he contributes, more perhaps than most of us realize, to the thought of the age. M. Mille is, we imagine, *bon causeur* of this type, but he is not convincing or more than very mildly entertaining in these printed essays.

W.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Low (Barbara). *PSYCHO-ANALYSIS*: a brief account of the Freudian theory. Allen & Unwin [1920]. 8 in. 191 pp. app. (bibliog.), 5/ n. 131

The "popular" style of this book defeats, to some extent, the author's purpose. We should have liked the exposition to be more clear-cut and reserved. As it is, the reader will have some difficulty in grasping the root ideas of the Freudian theory, although, if he is patient, he will find a good deal of information in this book. But an exposition is not "popular" which says of a number of facts that they demonstrate something "to the *n*th degree": it is merely irritating.

Maturin (Mrs. Fred). *RACHEL COMFORTED*: conversations of a mother in the dark with her child in the light. Hutchinson [1920]. 8 in. 260 pp. il. (pors.), 6/ n. 133.9

The author, a relative of Father Maturin, who was drowned in the "Lusitania," publishes in this book a series of records obtained by the planchette in 1901-2, and described as "communications" from her son Charles Gordon Maturin, who had died in 1900 at the age of thirteen. The "communications" are of an intimate, affectionate, and boyish type.

200 RELIGION.

Shillito (Edward). *THE NEW DAYS*: words addressed to the soul of the nation. Longmans, 1919. 7½ in. 116 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 204

In thirteen eloquent and thoughtful papers the author deals with the Christian ethic in its relation to war; the value of a good literary style in religious writings; the importance of earnestness and of personality in the preacher; the "burning passion" of many for a reunited Christianity; and other themes.

Stone (Henry John). *TOWARDS SPIRITUAL DEMOCRACY* Swarthmore Press [1920]. 6 in. 73 pp. boards, 2/ n. 204

Notwithstanding the failure of organized Christianity to exercise such an influence on men's lives as would have prevented the late terrible war, the author sees many signs of the growth of a real feeling of brotherhood among men. He appeals earnestly for an extension of this feeling, so that the ideal of service to one's fellows and complete freedom in following the dictates of the One Spirit may replace the present system of competition and narrow religious creeds. Without a change of outlook among men, even the League of Nations may not be able to prevent a war more destructive than that just ended.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Craddock (E. A.). *THE CLASS-ROOM REPUBLIC*. Black, 1920. 7½ in. 80 pp., 2/6 n. 371.57

Under the system applied by the writer, a form master at the Northern Polytechnic Day Secondary School, Holloway, the teacher delegates all disciplinary powers to a committee chosen by the boys, who form what he calls "a class-room republic"; thus he has nothing else to do than teach. It is the committee that awards prizes and punishes, and the class sets its own homework. "The teacher will advise, but not command; suggest, but not enforce." By this development of the "free discipline school," which, Mr. Craddock says, works efficiently, the boys develop self-control, and the instruction is far better. He says nothing about the common defect in professional teachers of being unable to impart the knowledge they themselves possess.

Gough (George W.). *HALF PAST TWELVE*: dinner-hour studies for the odd half-hours. Methuen [1920]. 8½ in. 85 pp. por. paper, 1/ 330.2

The son of a railway servant, Mr. Gough went to Oxford and won first-class honours in Modern History. Understanding the difficulties of working men and women, he throws off the cloak of the professor, and in simple, straightforward language explains the economic problems, and sets forth the old-established principles of the division of labour and the organization of labour under the capitalist régime.

The Law Quarterly Review, vol. 36, no. 142, April. Edited by A. E. Randall. Stevens, 1920. 10½ in. 100 pp. paper, 5/ n. 347.05

Among the more notable of the contents of this number are Dr. Arthur Underhill's article dealing with Lord Birkenhead's Law of Property Bill, Mr. Eastwood's paper "Constitutional Rigidity in relation to Empire Federation," and Mr. H. A. Smith's contribution "The Nature of our Constitutional Law." The layman will be interested by "Napoleon's Divorce" (an article by Mr. C. A. Hereshoff Bartlett), and by "Superstitious Uses," by Mr. T. Bourchier-Chilcott.

Owen (Dorothy Tudor) [Mrs. Douglas Truman]. *THE CHILD VISION*: being a study in mental development and expression ("Publications of the University of Manchester: Educational Series," 9). Manchester, University Press (Longmans), 1920. 8 in. 196 pp. il. index, 6/6 n. 372.6

This very entertaining and instructive work was written as a thesis for the degree of Master of Education. It describes the method and results of teaching children composition—using the word to denote orderly expression. The child naturally thinks in visual images, and this fact suggested to the author her method, which combines sketching and writing. The method seems to us a great improvement on the usual practice of giving stereotyped "subjects," and the results achieved suggest that it is much more effective as a mental discipline.

400 PHILOLOGY.

***The Journal of Philology**, vol. 35, no. 69. Edited by Henry Jackson, H. W. Garrod and Arthur Platt. Macmillan, 1919. 9 in. 164 pp. il. paper, 10/ 405

Arresting items in the present number are Mr. Robert Gardner's article "The Siege of Praeneste"; "The Change from the Ancient to the Modern Greek Accent," by Miss Clara M. Knight; and Mr. Joseph E. Gillet's "The Catharsis-Clause in German Criticism before Lessing." In an illustrated paper entitled "Arcus" Mr. G. P. Bidder contends that by the word "arcus" Horace ("Carm." iii., 26, 7) means "bow-drills."

Tout (T. F.). *MEDIEVAL FORGERIES AND FORGERS* (reprinted from the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*). Manchester, Univ. Press (Longmans), 1920. 10 in. 31 pp. paper, 1/ n. 417

The theme of Professor Tout's lecture is the prevalence during the Middle Ages of every sort of forgery, and the ease with which, up to the most recent times, scholars were deceived by even the clumsiest frauds. After speaking of mediaeval forgery in general he illustrates the nature of the falsification of mediaeval documents by telling the story of the "Historia Crowlandensis," purporting to be the work of a twelfth-century monk, but actually written in the late fourteenth century, and the "De Situ Britanniae," attributed to the fourteenth-century Richard of Cirencester, but composed by a young man called Bertram in the middle of the eighteenth century.

700 FINE ARTS.

Bosanquet (Bernard). *CROCE'S ÆSTHETIC* (from the "Proceedings of the British Academy," vol. 9). British Academy (Milford) [1920]. 10 in. 28 pp. paper, 2/ n. 701

Croce's identification of intuition and expression, the priority of aesthetic to conceptual thinking, and the general equation of language with intuition and aesthetic with linguistic theory, are subjected by Dr. Bosanquet to a destructive critique. The long appendix undertakes to correct Croce's erroneous conception of the 'death of art' in Hegel.

Macdonald (George). THE SILVER COINAGE OF CRETE, a metrological note (from the "Proceedings of the British Academy," vol. 9). (For the British Academy) Milford, 1920. 10 in. 30 pp. il. paper, 4/ n. 737
See notice, p. 580.

780 MUSIC.

Buck (Percy C.). UNFIGURED HARMONY: a short treatise on modulation, harmonization of melodies, unfigured basses, inner melodies, canons, and ground basses. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1920. 9 in. 174 pp., 7/6 n. 781.3
A second edition of this attractive and stimulating little treatise.

White (Robert T.). THE TEACHING OF MUSIC ("Handbooks in the Art of Teaching," 8). Constable [1920]. 7½ in. 109 pp. boards, 4/. 780.7
See notice, p. 581.

800 LITERATURE.

*The **Classical Quarterly.** Edited by E. V. Arnold and F. W. Hall. Vol. 14, no. 2, April. Murray, 1920. 11 in. 48 pp. paper, 4/ n. 870.5 and 880.5

A further instalment of "The MSS. of Callimachus' Hymns," by Mr. M. T. Smiley; "The Miracle of the Wine at Dionysos' Advent: on the Lenaea Festival," by Mr. J. Vårtheim; Mr. E. Phillips Barker's "Ἰαλόντων and Ἐθόντων"; and "Classics and Citizenship," by Professor E. V. Arnold (a temperate defence of *literæ humaniores*), are the main contents of this number. Mr. J. K. Fotheringham has some interesting astronomical comments on Dr. T. Rice Holmes's note on the Julian Calendar.

The **French Quarterly.** Editors, Professors G. Rudler and A. Terracher. Vol. 2, no. 1, March. Manchester, Univ. Press (Longmans), 1920. 10 in. 60 pp. bibliog. paper, 3/ n. 805

Several articles of considerable interest appear in the present number. One of the most notable is Professor Albert Mathiez's on "Un Projet d'Alliance Franco-Britannique en 1790." Another arresting contribution is by M. Gustave Lanson, who in "Le Discours sur les Passions de l'Amour, est-il de Pascal?" concludes that the work is Pascal's, and ends the paper with these words: "Il est l'unique document qui nous ouvre un jour sur la vie intérieure de Pascal dans la période la plus obscure de son existence."

Studies: an Irish quarterly review of letters, philosophy, and science: vol. 9, no. 33, March. Dublin, Educational Company of Ireland (B. Herder), 1920. 9½ in. 178 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 805

A full number, containing notable papers by Mr. H. Somerville ("The Economics of Nationalization"), Mr. J. Hogan ("Two Bishops of Killaloe and Irish Freedom"), and others. A native-born Egyptian, Mr. Raphael Nakhla, writes critically in reference to "The British in Egypt"; and Professor Alfred O'Rahilly deals with "The Democracy of S. Thomas."

POETRY.

Bethell (Llewelyn Slingsby). THE RED DRAGON ("Adventurers All," 28). Oxford, Blackwell, 1920. 7½ in. 56 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Bethell has a sense of the picturesque; his verses are full of bright colour and contrast—not very subtle, perhaps, but cheerful in their sensuous gaudiness, like a design by Bakst. He writes of Greece, of Spain, of London and the country, of the sea, of women; and in all he writes we find this same picturesque quality. Joined with a more constant felicity of expression and technique, this picturesqueness would make Mr. Bethell's verses very agreeable reading.

Burrow (C. Kennett). POEMS: IN TIME OF WAR; IN TIME OF PEACE. Collins, 1919. 8½ in. 100 pp. boards, 5/ n. 821.9

Mr. Burrow possesses a sense of rhythm that makes his verses musical without creating music. Their themes are diverse; but whether they are of war or of peace, his treatment often successfully combines vigour and poignancy. Here and there, perhaps, is a lapse into jingling:

That would be well for you, my heart, better than London town,
Where all the light is darkness and all the darkness light.

The ache of change and spiritual pain and helplessness is never absent from Mr. Burrow's verse; but his faith is

never seriously in doubt. All through we are confident of its eventual triumph:

With eyes new-purged and sane
I saw earth's beauty ministering still
To heal man's ancient pain
And newer agonies of body and will.

One feels that the vision of the war poems is occasionally more than the expression; but in his nature poems Mr. Burrow is inclined to express more than he feels.

Graves (Robert). OVER THE BRAZIER. Poetry Bookshop, 1920. 8½ in. 32 pp. boards, 3/ n. 821.9

A reissue of the volume which Mr. Graves published first in 1916, and which has been for some time out of print. A few slight alterations, including the suppression of two short poems, have been made: otherwise the book remains unchanged.

Raad (N. C.). PUCK'S GARDEN; and other poems. Selwyn & Blount, 1920. 7½ in. 64 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Raad aims at an organ-voiced splendour, sweetness and richness, but his success is not always equal to his high intentions. It is in these terms that he addresses the nightingale:

Thy luring litany of love, late heard,
Oh magically melancholy bird,
Sounds in my brain like some sweet seraph's moan.

One cannot help feeling that something has gone wrong with the organ.

822.33 SHAKESPEARE.

***Furness (Horace Howard),** jr., ed. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN ("A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare"). Lippincott, 1919. 10 in. 740 pp. front. app. bibliog. index, 25/ n. 822.33
See review, p. 568.

FICTION.

Albanesi (E. Maria). PATRICIA AND LIFE. Ward & Lock, 1920. 7½ in. 307 pp., 6/ n.

Madame Albanesi has produced another readable story. Patricia decides that she cannot marry the man who has been chosen for her by her father, and is compelled to leave home, but finds friends in an old schoolfellow and an officer whom she meets in a train. She shows a brave front to life, and has to endure many trials through her callous father and an unscrupulous woman. Her actress-schoolfellow and Dennis Ryan, the wounded airman, are very agreeable characters; and there are good descriptions of various aspects of life in London during the war. Notwithstanding her troubles, Patricia finds that life is well worth living.

Close (Evelyne). CHERRY ISLE. Grant Richards, 1920. 7½ in. 245 pp., 7/6 n.

Charles Garston is a tenor who has "succeeded too soon and too easily." He possesses "faultless evening dress," and wears decorations bestowed upon him by "mighty rulers." Anthea Argent has one blue eye, one brown eye, and copper-coloured hair. Also she has a voice, even as Sir Willoughby Patterne had a leg. The two singers marry, but do not agree. Anthea's temper, like her voice, is uncertain; and through most of the book she is an unpleasant person. For a long while she lives only for professional glory, and to be avenged upon her mother's betrayer. The vengeance takes a tragic form. The novel, though readable, has elements of artificiality.

Cole (Sophie). THE CYPRESS TREE. Mills & Boon [1920]. 7½ in. 244 pp., 7/6 n.

A pleasant novel, in which there is a touch of the supernatural. The title is the name of a sinister little black-letter tome which brings ill-luck upon its successive owners, none of whom, notwithstanding, cares to part with it. Eric Johns, previously a classical master at one of the great public schools, on his return from the war becomes a collector of rare books, and for a while possesses the volume. He falls in love with and marries Genifer Thorn, whose first husband, supposed to be dead, unexpectedly appears, suffering from shell-shock and complete loss of memory. How "The Cypress Tree" is destroyed, and other occurrences straighten out the complexities of the story, is told in Miss Cole's facile and attractive manner.

Rohmer (Sax). THE DREAM-DETECTIVE : being some account of the methods of Morris Klaw. Jarrolds [1920]. 7½ in. 256 pp. il., 7/ n.

Morris Klaw, the Dream-Detective, is a psychical Sherlock Holmes. He has a *flair* for Eastern idols and historic jewels, and knows all the uncanny things that have happened to their possessors. The author displays great skill in elaborating the details of each "case." The first of them, "The Tragedies in the Greek Room," is a good example of his methods.

Terhune (Albert Payson). LAD, A DOG. Dent, 1920. 7½ in. 309 pp., 6/ n. 813.5

According to the author, "nearly all the stories of Lad's life are true"; but there must surely be a great deal of romance in this history of a thoroughbred collie of extraordinary intelligence, in and around New Jersey; for instance, in all that happened to the dog in his thirty-mile run home after getting lost in New York. Though not on a par with "Owd Bob" or "The Call of the Wild," this will be pleasant reading to lovers of animals.

Watson (R. D.). MRS. ANSTRUTHER'S DIAMONDS. Heath Cranton [1920]. 8 in. 335 pp., 6/9 n.

Mrs. Watson has invented a racy and plausible plot for her new novel—the tracking of a thief who stole some country-house jewellery on the occasion of a masked ball, with complications; but she misses her opportunity by using a rather nondescript method throughout her narrative. She does not appear to have asked herself what exactly were her intentions before she began to write. The consequence is that as a story the book fails in interest; as a study of character it lacks conviction; even in such a trivial matter as the use of the vulgarisms incidental to her particular grade of society she is uncertain when and where a suggestion is more potent than a whole page of them. And yet, with a more patient and more certain hand, the delineation of the same set of figures would make good entertainment.

Weekes (R. K.). B 14. Allen & Unwin [1920]. 7½ in. 308 pp., 7/6 n.

The story opens in the Lake District, where Harry Gardiner, a young hotel-keeper, who is the son of a country parson, but is restless and unstable, in righteous indignation at a remark made by a guest, strikes and kills him. Although a verdict of accidental death is returned at the inquest, Gardiner later on is tried for manslaughter and sent to prison. He is "B 14." How all this is brought about is unfolded in a readable and spirited narrative.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Kitchener (Horatio Herbert, Earl).

***Arthur (Sir George Compton Archibald).** LIFE OF LORD KITCHENER. Macmillan, 1920. 3 vols. 9½ in. 352, 358, 425 pp. il. por. maps, index, 52/6 n. 920
See review, p 571.

Maturin (Basil).

***Ward (Maisie).** FATHER MATURIN. Longmans, 1920. 8 in. 214 pp. por., 7/6 n.
See review, p. 571.

930-990 HISTORY.

Harris (James Rendel). THE LAST OF THE "MAYFLOWER." Manchester, University Press (Longmans), 1920. 9½ in. 130 pp. app., 5/ n. 973.22

In this publication of the John Rylands Library Dr. Rendel Harris tries to find an answer to the question, What became of the "Mayflower"? The name was a common one for ships in late Tudor and early Stuart times; hence the tracing of the authentic "Mayflower" has entailed much research. Some ten years after the landing of the Pilgrims (1620), she was employed on a similar service, that of transporting the remainder of the Leyden colony to New Plymouth. Then she is traced in the whale-fishery, and to her last owner and master, Mr. Thomas Webber of Boston. Not long after 1654, the author says, "one is tempted to conjecture that she died (in a nautical sense). Most likely she was broken up in Boston, or perhaps in the Thames on her last voyage to London."

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